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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXXIX. }

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{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CLXXXIV.

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LIFE IN DEATH.

ALL life must fade. The scented damask rose;
The hawthorn buds that burgeon on the spray;
The dews that dry before the sun away —
All these, to man, a tale of death disclose.
Yet Life stands smiling o'er these transient
woes:

'Tis true, he says, the crimson rose must fade;
Sweet hawthorn buds lie scattered on the plain;
The dews no longer pearl the grassy lawn;
Yet flowers of May spring forth to deck the
shade,
Dewdrops dissolving fall in summer rain,
Roses in odorless sweetness live again,
And silver starlight melts in golden dawn.
Then shrink not, man, nor faint and fear to die;
Life crowns *thy* death with immortality.

Chambers' Journal.

M. C. R.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes
In smiles and tears farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
And children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud,
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

II.

Life not worth living! Come with me,
Now that, through vanishing veil,
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
And milk foams in the pail;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long straight scented swathes
Over the rhythmic scythe;
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,
And eglantine the lane;
Now rustic labor seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unwearied feet,
Carolling like the birds;
Now all, except the lover's woe,
And nightingale, is still;
Here, in the starlit hour, allow,
Life is worth living still.

III.

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On Autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green;
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors,
And the hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors,
And logs again alight;
Ay, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink;
When children clasp their hands and pray,
"Be done Thy heavenly will!"
Who doth not lift his voice, and say,
"Life is worth living still?"

IV.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

V.

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind!
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-land;
So long as in this ocean realm,
Victoria and her line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By royalty divine;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

English Illustrated Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.

TWO NEW UTOPIAS.*

AT all periods of social transformation, generous-hearted and high-minded men, advocates of justice, are to be met with who are grieved and indignant at the wrongs and sufferings of the lower classes. They believe that the cause of these lies in existing institutions, and they indulge in dreams of a better order of things, in which peace, harmony, and happiness are to be universal. They evoke a Utopia from their own imagination. It was thus that Plato composed the "Republic." What the greatest philosopher of Greece most rigorously proscribed — and we find the same in all the Utopias imagined later on — was selfishness. It is selfishness which keeps men apart, and is the great cause of rivalry, jealousy, and hatred of class for class. The law of *meum* and *tuum*, applied to property and family life, gives rise to covetousness, and makes harmony an impossibility. Family and property must therefore be done away with, and everything be owned in common — both wives and goods — in due conformity, of course, with the prescription of reason. Animals fight and tear each other to pieces when disputing their prey. This is the struggle for life so much spoken of nowadays. But men who submit themselves to laws based on the decisions of wisdom should be ready to act in concert for the realization of the general welfare. The final object with Plato was not, as at the present day, the more complete development of the human being, but the perfecting of society in general. Men were, so to speak, merely the materials, the putting together of which, as ordered by the political architect, should form the ideal city.

The Utopia of the Millennium, which sprang from Judaism and Christianity, exercised a far greater influence over our Western world than that of Plato. The prophets thunder forth with wonderful eloquence against this world, where the wicked triumph and the just are oppressed; they foretell the coming of a

Messiah who will redress all wrong and establish a reign of universal justice. The Gospel, the *Good Tidings*, is the announcement of the kingdom of God, where "the last shall be first," where "the peacemakers shall inherit the earth," where those "who mourn shall be comforted," where "blessed shall be those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs shall be the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 1-10.) Such was the sublime ideal, the divine Utopia which Christ held up to mankind. Deceived by certain passages of Scripture, and, more particularly, of the Apocalypse, the early Christians hoped, for a long time, that the kingdom of God would be in this world. Nearly all were Millenarians, and this belief remained general till the year 1000.

The belief in Palingenesis — *i.e.*, the coming of a new and better world, is to be met with throughout antiquity, and was combined, as Pierre Leroux demonstrates (*De l'Humanité*, bk. ii., c. 6), with certain theories as to the cosmic periods in the existence of our globe. This world, delivered over to evil, must perish in the flames, and "a new heaven and a new earth" spring forth to replace it. In Mazdeism the successive cycles of the development of humanity terminate in a general conflagration, followed by a universal renewal and revival.

In the *Woluspa* of the Eddas the Palingenesis is conceived almost exactly as in our Gospels. The signs of the doom are these:—

The sun shall grow black,
The earth shall sink into the sea,
The bright stars shall vanish from the heavens.

Smoke and fire gush forth;
The terrible flame shall play against the very sky.

The Scandinavian sibyl thus announces the world to come:—

I can see earth rise a second time, fresh and green out of the sea.
The waters are falling, the erne hovering over them;
The bird that hunts the fish in the mountain streams;

* "Looking Backward." By Edward Bellamy.
"Etudes Sociales—Mon Utopie." Par Charles Secrétan.

The fields unsown shall yield their fruit;
All ills shall be healed at the coming of Balder:
The asses shall meet on the Field of Ith,
And do judgment under the mighty Tree of
the World.*

In Virgil's splendid lines, in the fourth Eclogue, is to be found the echo of this aspiration after a new world, so frequently met with in ancient literature, especially in the Sibylline songs:—

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo . . .
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto . . .
. . . Ac toto surget gens aurea mundo . . .
. . . Omnis feret omnia tellus.

Virgil depicts the regeneration of nature; the Gospel and the Edda dwell rather on social regeneration and the triumph of justice. The anchorites and great saints of the Middle Ages, St. Benedict and St. Francis of Assisi, seeing that the kingdom of God so long expected did not come, fled from the haunts of men and lived in desert places, in this way carrying out their notions of the Christian ideal. They, like Plato, did away with private property and family life, but they acted under the influence of asceticism, which imposed vows of perpetual chastity and poverty. If all, men and women alike, had hearkened to and obeyed their teaching, evil of all kinds would have been effectually banished, for humanity would have ceased to exist.

Later on, when the Renaissance and the Reformation had brought about a general excitement and agitation of men's minds, and opened fresh social problems, new Utopias came to light. Sir Thomas More wrote his "Utopia," Campanella his "Civitas Solis," and Harrington his "Oceana."† In the first part of his book, published in 1517, Sir Thomas More sums up in this way the causes of the misery then prevalent in England: The great number of nobles who rack-rent their tenants and keep a multiplicity of servants as good-for-nothing as themselves; the

communal lands taken from the villagers; and, more particularly, the sheep which devour men's possessions and oust them from their own:—

Oves, quæ tam mites erant, nunc tam edaces esse cœperant ut homines devorent, ipsos agros, domos, oppida vastent ac depopulentur.

The spoliation and expulsion of cultivators is described in most violent language:—

Ergo ut unus continuatis agris aliquot millia jugerum uno circumdet septo ejiciuntur coloni, aut circumscripti fraude, aut vi oppressi exuuntur aut fatigati injuriis adiguntur ad venditionem. Itaque quoquo pacto emigrant miseri, viri, mulieres, mariti, uxores, orbi, viduæ parentes cum parvis liberis.

As a contrast to this state of society, thus oppressed and decimated by the injustice of the great ones of the earth, More depicts to us the harmony and happiness reigning in the Island of Utopia. All possessions are there held in common, and every one works alternately in the fields, or the workshops and factories. Six hours' labor a day suffices to produce in abundance all that is necessary. The mode of life is simple; there are no drones to consume without producing; workmen, who elsewhere are occupied in creating mere frivolities, here only make useful articles. The production is limited to known requirements, and everything being regulated, there is never any excess. Nothing is bought or sold for money. All commodities are stowed in large storehouses, where the fathers of families go and fetch what they require. All the inhabitants of the island consider themselves equals. They dine nearly every day together at common tables. By regular physical exercise they acquire strength, agility, and beauty. In a word, it is a sketch of an existence combining Plato's ideal of a republic and the ideal of monastic life. In tracing it the author describes the political, economic, and judicial reforms which he would fain see carried out, and ends with an eloquent dissertation against the inequality to be met with in modern society:—

Is it just that the nobleman, the usurer, the jeweller [the banker of that period], who live

* Cor us Poeticum Boreale. By Vigfusson and Powell. Vol. ii., p. 625.

† The best book on the ancient Socialists is one by M. Quack, professor at the University of Amsterdam. It is entitled, "De Socialisten," and is written in Dutch. See also "Hist. du Socialisme et la Protestation Communiste," in the *Revue Socialiste*, Dec., 1889, by Benoit Malon.

in idleness and produce nothing useful, should indulge in every enjoyment, while the tiller of the soil, the workman and artisan, suffer misery, and can barely earn sufficient to subsist upon by excessive hours of labor? The lot of beasts of burden is preferable to theirs.

Southey, in 1830, in his book on "Sir Thomas More," refers to these Utopian ideals, and seeks to find therein a remedy for the evils of the then existing industrial system, which was worse than it had been, owing to a very severe economic crisis. He mentions among other things the "cannibal sheep."

Bacon, in the "Nova Atlantis," wished also to draw up a programme of social reform: *De legibus sive de optimo civitatis statu*; but he only wrote the first part of his book, in which he explains that man should make a servant of nature by studying its forces and its laws. In his "Oceana," dedicated to Cromwell (1556), Harrington specially considers political institutions.

The "Civitas Solis" by the Calabrian monk Campanella (1623), is very like More's "Utopia," but this ideal city still more nearly resembles a monastery, for the government of it is entirely theocratic. Society is governed by a sort of pope, the metaphysicus, and under him by three ministers, — Pou, Strength; Siu, Wisdom; and Mor, Love. A remarkable point is that the "Civitas Solis" is only a portion of a large work, in which Campanella tries to build up a whole system of sociology, the outline of which much resembles Herbert Spencer's scheme: the first part takes into consideration the laws of nature; the second, the manners and customs of men; the third part is political, and the fourth economic.

The inhabitants of the City of the Sun live in magnificent palaces, enriched with all the splendors of art, and in all ways so arranged as to make life as pleasant as possible. Everything is in common — wives and goods — as in Plato's "Republic" — so that there are no more selfish struggles, nor conflicting interests, nor misery, nor theft, nor crime of any sort. Men and women are all engaged in work of some kind, but each individual in accordance with his or her aptitude and

capacity. Equal consideration is shown to all branches of occupation, which are regulated and distributed by specially appointed magistrates. Women and children, as a rule, are every day practising music. There are no poor nor rich, and four hours' labor per day is amply sufficient to provide the necessaries of life for all, because idleness is unknown. Out of seventy thousand Neapolitans, says Campanella, barely ten or fifteen thousand work; these wear themselves out by too hard labor, and the others by luxury and vice, and sickness resulting therefrom: —

In Civitate Solis, dum cunctis distribuuntur ministeria, et artes et labores et opera, vix quatuor in die horas singulis laborare contingit reliquum licet tempus consumatur in ad discendo, jucundè disputando, legendo, nar-rando, scribendo, deambulando, exercendo ingenium et corpus et cum gaudio.

Each branch of production is under the direction of a manager, who regulates the labor to be accomplished, and assigns to each his post.

M. Quack mentions another Utopia very little known, although Southey refers to it in his "Sir Thomas More" (vol. ii., p. 373), and Sir George Cornwall Lewis in his "Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics" (vol. ii., p. 271). The title of this book, which is written in French, and was published in 1672, is "Histoire des Sevarambes." It is dedicated to the Baron Riquet, who made the famous Languedoc canal. The anonymous author was, in all probability, Vairresse d'Allais. The people of Sevarambes, whom a traveller has visited on an island in the Austral Ocean, live happily under the guidance of their king. As riches and the possession of property give birth to envy, avarice, extortion, and an infinite number of other evils, the king has wisely willed it that all land and all riches shall belong to the State. Each citizen works eight hours a day, and all are wealthy, for their wants are amply provided for. A magistrate distributes to each family what it requires. There is no idleness, no encouragement of useless arts, which may serve to foster vanity and luxury, no inequality, no intemperance, no crime. The laws of morality are imposed

on all. The Sevarambes live in enormous buildings called osmasies, in which a thousand persons can find accommodation. These abodes are pleasanter dwellings than our present palaces, and there is a storehouse attached to each, which contains all that could possibly be required. These osmasies are indeed nothing more or less than Fourier's phalanstères.

The particular and little observed merit of this later reformer is that he carried the optimism of the eighteenth century to its logical and, if you will, absurd conclusion. The philosophers of the period maintained that man is naturally good, in opposition to the Christian idea of the fall, which considers man as inclined to evil. But if man be good, his passions and instincts must also be good. Is it not God, who is goodness itself, who has endowed us with them? The sufferings of humanity arise solely from the attempts that have been made, in contradiction to the natural order of things, to eradicate or restrain the passions. They should, on the contrary, be respected and stimulated, and be made the motive powers of the new society. Make labor attractive, and men will work with ardor from the mere fact that they love pleasure. Let the favors of the most beautiful women be the reward of the cleverest and most diligent workers, as in the times of the tournament, when the most beautiful became the prize of the most valiant, and sexual attraction, which is condemned as sin, would become the one great incentive of the economic world.

After having analyzed and depicted human passions from his point of view, Fourier tries to demonstrate how each one of them might be turned to account in the work of production of wealth. One example will suffice to explain his system. However perfect the organization of the phalanstère may be, thanks to the advances made in machinery and chemistry, still there will always be certain duties to be performed less pleasant than others, and even some more or less repugnant; these, he suggests, should be done by children, who appear to enjoy playing in the dirt and mud, to judge from what one often sees in the streets after heavy rain.

Cabet's "Icarie," which was written a little before 1848, reproduces the chief characteristics of previous communistic Utopias. It is again an ideal of monastic or barrack life, each working for all under the guidance of a superior; production and consumption of goods being in common; and perfect harmony reigning every-

where, because property, the source of all dispute, is abolished.

The celebrated novelist, Lord Lytton, also amused himself by writing a novel on social reform — "The Coming Race." In this book the ideal people are to be met with, not on some far-off island, but in the bosom of the earth. An explorer goes down into a very deep mine, where the chain breaks, and he finds himself suddenly transported into a marvellous world, entirely lighted by a uniform, perpetual, and extraordinarily soft light. He there meets with human beings similar to ourselves, but in every way a finer race, stronger and wiser. They have discovered a force, far more powerful than electricity, the *vril*, by means of which they can reduce animals or men to ashes in a single instant. Perfect harmony exists in all economic relations in this underground world, for all competition is done away with: —

The primary condition of mortal happiness consists in the extinction of that strife and competition between individuals, which, no matter what form of government they adopt, render the many subordinate to the few, destroy real liberty to the individual, whatever may be the nominal liberty of the state, and annul that calm of existence without which, felicity, mental, or bodily, cannot be attained.

The production of all goods and possessions is easy and abundant, for, in addition to the almost limitless power of the *vril*, the "future race" use the most perfected mechanical means for all work: —

Machinery is employed to an inconceivable extent in all the operations of labor within and without doors, and it is the unceasing object of the department charged with its administration to extend its efficiency. There is no class of laborers or servants, but all who are required to assist or control the machinery are found in the children, from the time they leave the care of their mothers to the marriageable age. These children are formed into bands and sections under their own chiefs, each following the pursuits in which he is most pleased, or for which he feels himself most fitted.

There is very nearly equality of means; at all events, none are in want of any necessary of life, and wages are the same for all: —

According to their theory, every child, male or female, on attaining the marriageable age, and there terminating the period of labor, should have acquired enough for an independent competence during life. As all children must equally serve, so are all equally paid, according to their several ages or the nature of their work.

In this happy realm there is marrying and giving in marriage, and as all the inhabitants enjoy excellent health, the problem of the overgrowth of population soon presents itself. It is clear that Lord Lytton had read Malthus :—

Each community sets its own limit according to circumstances, taking care always that there shall never arise any class of poor by the pressure of population upon the productive powers of the community, and that no State shall be too large for a government resembling that of a single well-ordered family.

In order to maintain the balance between the number of inhabitants and the means of subsistence, a certain number of families go off from time to time to colonize hitherto unoccupied land. As with the Germans of Tacitus, the women have great authority. Their power is greater because their knowledge is wider. The dwellings exceed in elegance and comfort anything that is known at the present day.

A particular point to be noticed is that

Every room has its mechanical contrivances for melodious sounds, usually tuned down to soft-murmured notes, which seem like sweet whispers from invisible spirits.

Bulwer's novel on social reform is a mere sketch, very inferior to More's "Utopia;" the latter is far more real and life-like in its picture of the evils of the social order.

Finally, a book of a similar sort has been recently published, called "Looking Backward," by Mr. Edward Bellamy, which is deserving of attention for several reasons. It is well constructed and well written, and captivates the reader's imagination. Mr. Bellamy, who is well-versed in economic principles, sets himself to refute the objections which might be raised from that standpoint, and thus appears to give his book a scientific value, which was lacking to the dreams of a model state of society that had hitherto been laid before the public. The fiction which presents a scene for this programme of social reform is very simple and ingenious. Instead of carrying us off to some far-away island, or below the surface of the earth, Mr. Bellamy merely describes what society will be in the year 2000. The supposed author of the story, an inhabitant of Boston, U.S., by name Mr. Julian West, was subject to insomnia. In order to obtain sleep he had a bedroom built under the foundation of his house. This room was a sort of vault, well closed and ventilated, where no sound from the city could penetrate; and here his doctor

sleep by hypnotism. On a certain evening, the 30th of May, 1887, West is sent off to sleep after this manner by the doctor, who then leaves the town. The manservant loses his life in a fire which destroys the rest of the house, and the sleeper is left in his subterranean chamber, of which no one else knows the existence, till he is found there alive, one hundred and thirteen years later, by a Dr. Leete, who wakes him up and restores him to vigor by means of a cordial. He is at once received into the doctor's family, and later on proceeds to visit the town and its institutions, which he describes, comparing them with those of our day. To all the objections he raises he receives satisfactory replies from Dr. Leete, and he thus gives us a complete picture of the new social organization.

As in preceding Utopias, Mr. Bellamy commences by showing the evils of the existing system, but he does not dwell long on this theme. He makes use, however, of a striking comparison, which I will quote, so as to give an idea of the author's style of writing :—

To give some general impression of the way people lived together in those days (1887) and especially of the relations of the rich and poor to one another, I cannot do better than compare society, as it then was, to a prodigious coach, which the masses of humanity were harnessed to and dragged toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was Hunger, and permitted no lagging, though the pace was necessarily very slow. Despite the difficulty of drawing the coach at all along so hard a road, the top was covered with passengers, who never got down, even at the steepest ascents. The seats on the top were very breezy and comfortable. Well up out of the dust, their occupants could enjoy the scenery at their leisure, or critically discuss the merit of the straining team. Naturally such places were in great demand, and the competition for them was keen, every one seeking as the first end in life to secure a seat on the coach for himself and to leave it to his child after him. . . . I am well aware that this will appear to the men of the twentieth century an incredible inhumanity; but there are two facts, both very curious, which partly explain it. In the first place, it was firmly believed that there was no other way in which Society could get along, except the many pulled at the rope and the few rode; and not only this, but that no very radical improvement even was possible, either in the harness, the coach, the roadway, or the distribution of toil. It had always been as it was, and it would always be so. It was a pity, but it could not be helped, and philosophy forbade wasting compassion on what was beyond remedy. The other fact is yet more curious, con-

sisting in a singular hallucination, which those on the top of the coach generally shared, that they were not exactly like their brothers and sisters who pulled at the rope, but of finer clay, in some way belonging to a higher order of beings who might justly expect to be drawn (p. 11).

Let us now see how the men of the twentieth century organize society so as to do away with that extraordinary distribution of the goods of this world existing at the present time, in virtue of which some enjoy without work, while others work with little or no reward. I will try to explain the new organization advocated by Mr. Bellamy, keeping as nearly as possible to the author's own text.

Treatises on political economy are generally divided into three sections, the first treating of the production, the second of the division and circulation, and the third of the consumption of riches. This is indeed the economic cycle. Mankind have various wants to be satisfied, it is therefore necessary that the commodities which these requirements necessitate should be produced. Men do not work each one alone and for himself, but in groups and co-operatively; the produce obtained must therefore be distributed; and finally, each one having received his share consumes it, while working so as to reproduce for future maintenance. I therefore think that I gave a clear definition of political economy when I explained it as "the science which determines what laws men ought to adopt in order that they may, with the least possible exertion, procure the greatest abundance of things useful for the satisfaction of their wants, may distribute them justly and consume them rationally." (Elements of Political Economy, p. 31.)

Let us first of all examine how the production of riches is carried on in the year 2000. Land and all the instruments of production, farms, mines, railroads, mills, have been *nationalized*, and are the property of the State. The industry and commerce of the country have ceased to be conducted by a set of irresponsible corporations of private persons at their caprice and for their profit. They are entrusted to a single syndicate representing the people in their common interest. The change from the old organization to the new was accomplished without violence, and with the general consent of public opinion. People had seen for many years larger and larger syndicates handling revenues greater than those of States, and directing the labors of hundreds of thousands of

men with an efficiency and economy unattainable in smaller operations. It had come to be recognized as an axiom that the larger the business the simpler the principles that can be applied to it. So it came to pass that the nation, organized as one great corporation, became the sole and final monopolist by whom all previous monopolies were swallowed up.

The nation being now the only employer, all the citizens are the employees, and are distributed according to the needs of industry. In short, it is the principle of universal military service applied to *labor*. The period of industrial service is twenty-four years, beginning with the close of the course of education at twenty-one, and terminating at forty-five. Women are co-laborers with men, but their strength being less, the kinds of occupation reserved for them, and the conditions under which they pursue them, are settled accordingly. The entire field of productive and constructive industry is divided into ten great departments, each representing a group of allied industries, each particular industry being in turn represented by a subordinate bureau, which has a complete record of the plant and force under its control, and of the present product and the means of producing it. These bureaux set out the work to their men according to the demand of the distributive department which sells the commodities to the customers. The chiefs of these ten grand divisions of the industrial army may be compared to the commanders of army-corps, and above them is the general-in-chief, who is the president of the State. The general-in-chief must have passed through all the grades below him from the position of a common laborer upwards. He rises to the highest rank by the excellence of his records, first as a worker, and then as a lieutenant.

The chief of each guild is elected, but to prevent candidates intriguing for the support of the workers under them, they are chosen by the honorary members of the guild—that is, by those who have served their time and attained the age of forty-five. But what authority has the power and the discrimination necessary to determine which out of the two or three hundred trades and avocations each individual shall pursue? It is done very easily in Mr. Bellamy's Utopia.

All new recruits belong for three years to the class of common or unskilled laborers. During this period the young men are assignable to any work at the discretion of their superiors. Afterwards,

voluntary election, subject only to necessary regulation, is depended on to determine the particular sort of service every man is to render. His natural endowments, mental or physical, determine what he can work at most profitably for the nation and for himself. It is the business of the administration to seek constantly to equalize the attractions of the trades, so that all trades shall be equally attractive to persons having a natural taste for them, and that, consequently, there shall not be excess of workmen in one trade and deficiency in others. This is done by making the hours of labor in different trades to differ according to their arduousness. If any particular occupation is in itself so oppressive that in order to induce volunteers to engage it in the day's work must be reduced to ten minutes, this, too, is done. The administration, in taking burdens off one class of workers, and adding them to other classes, simply follows the fluctuations of opinion among the workers themselves, as indicated by the rate of volunteering.

But who does the housework? No difficulty here. There is none to do. Washing is done at public laundries at excessively cheap rates, and cooking at public kitchens; the making and repairing of wearing apparel is all done outside in public shops. Electricity, of course, takes the place of all firing and lighting. In the splendid public building, where every family has its private dining-room, the waiters are young men in the unclassified grade of the industrial army who are assignable to all sorts of miscellaneous occupations not requiring special skill. No objection is made, because no difference is recognized between the dignity of the different sorts of work. The individual never regards himself as the servant of those he serves; it is always the nation he is serving.

Now comes the question of distribution and wages. No wages are paid, as there is no money. Every person, skilled or unskilled — workmen, women, invalids included — receives an equal share of the general product of the nation, and a credit-card is given him, with which he procures at the public storehouses whatever he desires. The value of what he procures is checked off by the clerk. It is required of each that he shall make the same effort and give the best service in his power. Now that industry is no longer self-service, but service of the nation, patriotism, passion for humanity, impel the worker. The army of industry is an army,

not alone by virtue of its perfect organization, but by reason also of the ardor of self-devotion which animates its members. Honors, instead of the love of money, prompt the supreme kinds of effort. Then diligence in the national service is the sole and certain way to public repute, social distinction, and official power.

The general production is largely increased by many causes. There are no idlers, rich or poor, no drones. The commodities, as soon as they are produced, go directly to the stores, where they are taken up by the customers, so there are no merchants, no agents, no middle men of any sort. The eighteenth, instead of the eighth, part of the workers suffices for the entire process of distribution. There is no waste of labor and capital by misdirected industry, or by the struggle of competition; there are no crises of over-production, as only the commodities that are wanted are produced according to the general view of the industrial field. What a difference of productive efficiency between innumerable barbarian hordes, always at war, the one against the other, and a disciplined army whose soldiers are marching all together in the same direction under one great general!

But how is an equilibrium established between demand and supply? Precisely as it is now. When any article is in great demand, the price is raised. Generally the work necessary to produce a commodity is recognized as the legitimate basis of its price. It is no longer the difference of wages that makes the difference in the cost of labor, it is the relative number of hours constituting a day's work in different trades, the maintenance of the worker being equal in all cases. The cost of a man's work in a trade so difficult, that in order to attract volunteers the hours have to be fixed at four per day, is twice as great as that in a trade where the men work eight hours.

It may be objected that in the new system, the parents not having to provide for the future of their family, there is nothing to encourage saving habits on the part of the citizens. That is true, but individual savings are no longer necessary, nor, except in special cases, permitted; the nation guarantees the nurture, the education, and comfortable maintenance of every citizen; and, as the total production is greater than the consumption of wealth, the net surplus is employed by the State in enlarging the productive capital — *i.e.*, in establishing new railways, bridges, mills, and improved machinery, and also in pub-

lic works and amusements, in which all share, such as public halls and buildings, clubs, art galleries, great theatrical and musical exhibitions, and every kind of recreation for the people. For example, the principle of labor saving by co-operation has been applied to the musical service as to everything else. There are a number of music-rooms in every city, perfectly adapted acoustically to every sort of music. These halls are connected by telephone with all the houses whose inhabitants care to pay a small fee. The corps of musicians attached to each hall is so large that, although the individual performer or group of performers has no more than a brief part, each day's programme lasts through the twenty-four hours. Every bedchamber has a telephone attached at the head of the bed, by which any person who may be sleepless can command music at pleasure, and can make a selection suited to his mood.

As will have been noticed, Mr. Bellamy reproduces several features of previous Utopias: universal harmony, distribution of occupation according to individual aptitudes, equality of reward, universal ease and comfort, reduction of hours of labor; suppression of idleness, of competition, of the struggle for life, and also for money; the splendor and commodiousness of the palatial habitations, even to the detail of the music, which all are able to enjoy. There is a little pamphlet, very ably and eloquently written, though little read at the present day, which clearly explains the basis of the new state of society to which Mr. Bellamy introduces us under cover of a tale. This little work, by M. Louis Blanc, is entitled "L'Organisation du Travail."

Let us now examine what are the objections which our author's views call forth. There are two principal ones: the first referring to the allotment of functions, and the second to the distribution of produce.

We shall begin by taking the first of these two points. In the Church, as in the army, the chief authority has the granting of appointments. In China this is settled by examination. But the difficulty would be far greater in the new society, for every branch of production would have to be included, and would be open to every one, all having received the same education. It is quite clear that all the pleasanter trades and professions would be taken up, and there would be no one to fill the less agreeable ones. Mr. Bellamy has discovered a means of obviating this diffi-

culty, not yet thought of by his predecessors, which is to reduce the hours of labor in proportion as the work to be done is less attractive, even if the day's work had to be brought down to only a "few minutes;" but very often it would be impossible to apply this system. Consider the miner, for instance; the hours of labor would have to be exceeding short for men to be willing to work in a colliery; this would entail an endless procession of relays of workmen going up and down the shafts, and it would be impossible to work the mine. The same argument applies to the workers in steamships; it would be necessary to embark for each voyage a whole regiment of stokers. And the puddlers and the workmen in rolling-mills, etc.? Nevertheless, the principle of reducing the hours of labor in proportion as labor is less pleasant is certainly just, and might be applied in a certain measure in any rational industrial organization.

The chief objection (and this is absolute) is to the system of remuneration, which is nothing more or less than the communistic formula: *From each according to his strength, to each according to his requirements*; applied practically, this becomes equality of wages. Personal interest is the great mainspring of the economic world. A workman only does all he possibly can when the reward is in adequate proportion to the work accomplished. This is perhaps very sad, but it is undoubtedly true. Here are two facts in proof of it.

After the revolution of 1848, Louis Blanc started a workshop where these principles of equality were practised. The wages were the same for all, but the names of all idlers were written up on the walls. All work was very well paid for, as he had an order from the State to supply uniforms for the National Guard.

At the outset all went very well. The workmen were sincere and ardent Socialists, who made it a point of honor that the experiment of the new system should be a success; but very soon this good understanding came to an end. Those who were more industrious or quicker than their companions accused the latter of idleness; they felt themselves victims of injustice, for the remuneration was not in proportion to the zeal and activity displayed. They were being "cheated and duped," and this was intolerable; hence quarrels, arguments, and fights. The temple of brotherhood was transformed into a sort of boxing booth — *boite aux giffles*, which is, as is known, the name

given to the building where the citizens of Geneva meet together for the exercise of their sovereign rights.

Another example. Marshal Bugeaud founded at Beni-Mered, in Algeria, a military colony on a communistic footing. The settlers were all picked men, and he supplied them with all they needed for the cultivation of the soil. Land, cattle, agricultural implements, the produce of the harvests, everything, in fact, was to be owned, and all work carried on in common for the space of three years. The plan was excellent. It, nevertheless, turned out a failure. Although the colonists were soldiers, accustomed to discipline, passive obedience, and equal pay, and without private home or family, still they could not go through the communistic novitiate to the end. As they were engaged in pursuits other than their military exercises, the spirit of innovation and the taste for amelioration soon made themselves manifest. Each one wished to cultivate according to his own notion, and they reproached each other with not doing the work well. The marshal vainly explained that it was to their own advantage to work in common, in order to overcome the first difficulties of starting the settlement, and to realize the economies ensured by a wise division of labor; it was of no avail; the association had to be dissolved, although it had so far brought in profits.

It is true that Mr. Bellamy does not wholly ignore two most powerful incentives of human actions — punishment and reward. Referring to punishment he writes, "A man able to do duty and persistently refusing is cut off from all human society?" Does this mean that idlers are put to death, or merely sent to prison, or allowed to starve? At all events, it is compulsion of some sort. Who is to apply it, or to judge when it is necessary? Certainly, men would in all probability rarely refuse to do any work at all; but those who do as little as possible, or do it badly, are they to be punished, or to receive the same salary, or rather be credited with the same amount as the others? The State could not send away a bad workman, as it can do now; for, there being no private enterprises, this dismissal would be equivalent to capital punishment. When remuneration is in proportion to the work accomplished, diligence and activity are encouraged, whereas an equal rate of wages is a premium on idleness.

But, argues Mr. Bellamy, honor is a sufficient reward in itself; for men will sacrifice everything, even their lives, for

it. It is perfectly true that honor has inspired the most sublime acts and heroic deeds which have called forth universal admiration; but honor can never become the motive power of work or the main-spring of industry. It will not conquer selfish instincts, or overcome instinctive repugnance for certain categories of labor, or the dislike to the wearing monotony of the daily task. It may make a hero, but not a workman.

I am not unaware that a system very similar to that of Mr. Bellamy has been known to work very well, for instance in Peru, and in "The Missions" in Paraguay, where the Jesuits had most admirably disciplined the Indians. The latter worked in common, under the guidance of the Jesuit Fathers, who then distributed the produce amongst all the families. It was an absolute dictatorship, which left no scope for either liberty or individual initiative.* The Indians were certainly materially far better off than are our workmen. And yet Bougainville, who visited them, reports that they looked unhappy, "like animals caught in a trap." Besides, can it be supposed for a moment that the men of the twentieth century would accept such a system of theocracy?

As Sir Henry Maine states, Peru is the best example known of the collective system having been successful.† When the Spaniards conquered the country they found it admirably cultivated — not only the rainless plains along the coasts, but also all the high table-lands and the narrow valleys running between some of the gigantic peaks of the Andes — and the people enjoying a somewhat peculiar, but certainly advanced, state of civilization. Many monuments and extensive public works had been erected; and this was the more extraordinary seeing the inhabitants knew of no metals besides gold and silver. A complete system of irrigation brought

* See Charlevoix, "Histoire du Paraguay," 1768; Muratori, "Relation des Missions du Paraguay," 1754; A. Kohler, "Der Christliche Communismus in der Reductionen von Paraguay," 1879.

† "There are two sets of motives, and two only, by which the great bulk of the materials of human subsistence and comfort have hitherto been produced and reproduced. One has led to the cultivation of the Northern States of the American Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the other had a considerable share in bringing about the agricultural and industrial progress of the Southern States, and in old days it produced the wonderful prosperity of Peru under the Incas. One system is economical competition, the other consists in the daily task, perhaps fairly and kindly allotted, but enforced by the prison or the scourge. So far as we have any experience to teach us, we are driven to the conclusion that every society of men must adopt one system or the other, or it will pass through penury to starvation." (Popular Government.)

water from the highlands down to the arid plains of the coast, where agriculture was, consequently, very successfully carried on. One of these canals was really prodigious, going underground, crossing rivers, and running through mountains for a distance of about five hundred English miles. The ruins of the palaces and temples still to be met with always astonish travellers.

The following were the principal characteristics of the economic system in vogue there. The soil, which was almost the sole source of wealth, belonged to the State. It was divided into three parts: the first was applied for the maintenance of the temples and priests of the sun, the second for the sovereign and the nobility, and the third for the people, as a temporary privilege, they being obliged in return to cultivate all the land without exception, as was the case with us in the Middle Ages. The land was divided afresh every year among all the families, according to their requirements, as was the case with the Germans in the time of Julius Cæsar: "*Magistratus ac principes in annos singulos gentibus cognationibusque hominum quantum, et quo loco visum est, agri attribuant, atque anno post alio transire cogunt.*" (De Bell. Gall. vi. 22.)

Very exact registers were kept of the different plots of ground, and the number of members of each family, so that the division might be made on a perfectly equitable basis. Each family was also allowed a certain amount of guano from the Chinchas Islands for manuring the land. All agricultural labor was carried on under the direction of the authorities, and the first to receive attention was the ground which was to serve for the support of the aged, the widows and orphans, the sick, or those employed in the service of the State. Maize was cultivated on even the most abrupt slopes of the mountains, which were covered with terraces, supported by enormous blocks of rock and stone, and then filled with fertile earth from the valleys. The State supplied each dwelling with wearing apparel and with the necessary implements of labor. There were neither rich nor poor; every one had sufficient to live comfortably, but without a surplus permitting accumulation.

Idleness was a punishable offence. There was no coinage; gold and silver were used for ornaments, or were deposited in the temples. Exchanges were made at regular monthly fairs, by bartering. The government gave out raw materials to artisans and to women, who made

these into manufactured articles, under the supervision of overseers appointed by government.

The population was divided into communities of families, similar to the *Zadrugas* of the Yougo-Slavs. These numbered about one thousand members each, who lived together in immense dwellings, the ruins of which may still be found in parts of Central America, reminding one of ants' nests. On fête days large banquets brought together the inhabitants of the same canton, like the *Syssities* in Greece.

The administration we have just briefly sketched was not strictly communistic, for each family cultivated the plot of ground annually assigned to it on its own account; but, setting aside this very small concession to individual life, the whole of the economic activity of the country was under State direction. And yet, in the Peru of the Incas, agriculture was more advanced, the population and riches were greater, there was more general well-being and a more materially advanced civilization, than either under the Spanish dominion or even at the present day. Here, as in that marvellous Egypt of the Pharaohs, where are to be admired monuments far surpassing in grandeur and magnificence all those of other nations, we can see what can be accomplished by the collective labor of an entire nation, under the sole and concentrated direction of the government or of one superior order. Only the administration here referred to was of that "stationary" kind which Mill says we must not attack, but which is in direct opposition to the ardent love of change and progress so characteristic of the modern man. Amongst all the transformations and revolutions which are leading him to an ideal condition, scarcely yet foreseen, he will suffer, it is true; but he is not likely to go so far as to wish for the industrial autocratic system of Peru or of Egypt.

The eminent professor of philosophy at the University of Lausanne, M. Charles Secrétan, whose writings on social questions are so highly appreciated, has also yielded to the temptation of writing "his Utopia," which is not so far removed from reality as Mr. Bellamy's. Being tired, he falls asleep on the enchanting banks of Lake Lemman. When he awakes he is accosted by a stranger, whose appearance is somewhat singular; he has the high forehead and penetrating eye of a philosopher, and the hard, rough hands of a workman. The sleeper is surprised, and proceeds to question him. The philosopher explains that the social state into which

he is now transported is very different from that of the nineteenth century. Men divide their days into two parts: one is devoted to manual labor, and the other to intellectual pursuits and the culture of the mind. Although the young men's education is very complete, they are all taught a trade, which they exercise later on in life; and this only raises them in the estimation of their fellow-citizens.

Nowadays, when every one works, said the blacksmith philosopher, six hours' labor suffices for each man to maintain his family in comfort. Machinery is always kept going in the workshops, batches of workmen taking each their turn. You see, he continued, we have no more drones, nor landed proprietors with their toadies, nor capitalists, nor parasites of any description, nor beggars, nor workmen without work. The accumulation of capital is not forbidden, but the rate of interest has fallen so low that, for a man to be able to live on his revenue, he must possess an exceptionally large fortune. Besides, wages are very high, the average being about £120 a year. All land, and even the houses to let, belong to the State, which nationalized them, indemnifying the former owners. This operation was commenced in Ireland, where it answered so well that it was adopted everywhere else. As for manufactured industries, these are carried on by co-operative associations. All the workmen of a mine, or a factory, are more or less part owners in it; the manager, the officials, and workmen, are all shareholders to the amount of their savings; and these savings commence on the day they first begin work in the establishment, by a certain amount being held back from their pay. Only those taken in occasionally as extra hands receive their full wages. The transition from the old industrial system to the new was effected almost imperceptibly. The struggle between capitalists and workmen had become so violent, and strikes so frequent, that the chiefs of industries saw no other course open to them than to interest all their men in the undertaking, by giving them a share in the profits. This share given to the workmen made them shareholders in the business, and the former owners became directors. In this manner the firms in which participation in profits was introduced were changed into co-operative societies during the lifetime, and under the auspices of, their former owners. Thus the producer became possessed of the means of production, and ownership, without which there can be no real liberty, was

universal in the association, each receiving, in this way, the full value of the work he contributed. Custom-house dues being abolished, each country strove to develop those branches of industry for which its climate and the aptitudes of its inhabitants best suited it. The balance between supply and demand is very well established, because, as statistics make known the amount of consumption, the production is regulated accordingly. All the branches of one industry in a country form a sort of association; and this arrangement has put a stop to that merciless competition which permitted a few millionaires to enrich themselves at the cost of thousands of their fellow-creatures, who were obliged to labor for the exclusive profit of their masters. The great number of hours of labor employed in making articles of luxury, which vanity and self-indulgence required, are now occupied in producing things of real utility. Thus the general well-being is considerably increased, and the portion assigned to each is in proportion to the work done.

M. Charles Secrétan's Utopia seems to answer very generally to the ideal foreseen for the future by those who have faith in the ulterior progress of the human race. The nationalization, or rather the "communalization," of land does not appear to present very great difficulties. In a recent letter to the *Times* (November 12, 1889), Sir Louis Mallet, who most earnestly opposes this measure, explains very clearly that, in order to appreciate an institution, it must be seen whether it makes responsibility effective, and whether it tends to maintain the balance between supply and demand. But from this point of view it makes very little difference whether the tenant pay his rent to a landlord, to a college, to a city corporation, to a commune, or to a county council. In Russia and Prussia the State owns a great number of farms, which it lets in the same way as any ordinary landlord. The stimulus to work and the responsibility are the same in both cases. Raise the tax on property so as to swallow up nearly the whole rent, and you will change nothing in the working of the economic machinery, only the commune, the county, or the State, will be richer to the amount by which the landlords are poorer. The only question affecting the general welfare is this: Would the revenue from land be more advantageously laid out by the public authorities than by the present owners? *

* The advantage and disadvantage of Land Nation-

Difficulties only become great when the domain of industry is approached. Co-operative societies, which would take upon themselves the management of manufacturing enterprises, have hitherto succeeded only in exceptional cases. They are wanting in two essential conditions: capacity and authority in the administration, and a spirit of discipline and obedience in the workmen. We may hope, with M. Secrétan, that, thanks to education and to experience gradually acquired, the working-classes will, by degrees, attain the necessary qualifications for the management of industries, without being obliged to have recourse to capitalists; and, from the moment this is the case, the social transformation will be brought about peacefully and inevitably, like all previous economic revolutions.

The rapid and extraordinary success in all the Anglo-Saxon world of Mr. Bellamy's book—two hundred and forty thousand copies sold in the States, and forty thousand in England at this date— which recalls that of Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," is a symptom well worthy of attention. It proves that the optimism of old-fashioned economists has entirely lost the authority it formerly possessed. It is no longer believed that, in virtue of the *laissez faire* principle, everything will arrange itself for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

People feel that there is, in very truth, a "social" question; that is to say, that the division of the good things of this world is not in accordance with the laws of justice, and that something ought to be done to increase the share of the principal agents of production, the workmen. An author little known, but who deserves to be better known in England, Dupont White, the translator of several of Stuart Mill's political writings* has, in one of his books, published so long ago as 1846, perfectly characterized this fresh sentiment, which was even then gaining a place in men's convictions. He says:—

It was hoped that the increase in the production of riches would secure satisfaction to all, but nothing of the sort has taken place; discontent is greater and more deeply rooted

than ever. From this deceived hope has been born a new science; it may be called a social science, or it may even be said that it is not a science at all; but it is quite certain that *charity in law* is a notion which in our days should be a fundamental doctrine; for, beyond the pale of all sects of socialists, it has sown in all hearts a feeling of uneasiness, of anxiety and care, an unknown emotion respecting the suffering classes, which has become matter of public conscience.

As for Mr. Bellamy's dream, it will, I fear, remain always a Utopia, unless man's heart be entirely transformed. His ideal is pure communism, and, as such, raises invincible objections, as I shall try to show in a future article.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

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MARCIA.

CHAPTER III.

TEN YEARS LATER.

IT is always the unexpected, we are told, which comes to pass; but perhaps, if this be the case, it is less by reason of the numerous accidents of life than because so few of us have insight or foresight enough to discern probabilities. It was not, for instance, really probable that Marcia's career as the wife of Eustace Brett would be marked by any startling or exciting incidents, although she herself half hoped, half feared, that it would be, and although an unconcerned bystander might very well have thought the conditions favorable for the development of a domestic drama. Here was a husband no longer young, sedate beyond his years and immersed in work during the greater part of the day and night; here was a wife utterly without experience, eager for admiration and possessed of a face and form which were pretty certain to provoke it; better materials for the construction of the time-honored tragi-comedy could not be desired. But, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort was enacted. What happened was what more often than not does happen when such a man marries such a woman. They were not happy together, nor were they particularly unhappy; he yielded a little and she yielded a little; they did not quarrel, but they soon became hopelessly estranged, because they had not a single interest in common, and because the deep affection which he had for her was not evidenced in the only way that she could have understood. Of the two he was

alization are completely discussed in the new edition of M. Pierson's treatise on political economy, "Leerboek der Staatshuishoudkunde." M. Pierson is governor of the Netherlands' Bank.

* The translation was really made by Madame Sadi Carnot, the gifted wife of the president of the French republic. She translated Mill's "Liberty" and "Representative Government," under the direction of her father, Dupont White. See my account of this great writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1, 1879.

doubtless the more unhappy ; for he loved his wife, and by the end of a year he had reached the conviction that she did not love him and never would. At the same time, it is only fair to her to say that he had grievously disappointed her, and that he was in a great measure to blame for that. She had imagined him a masterful man, and if he had shown himself masterful and had also been a little less sparing of small endearments, he might possibly have made a conquest of her. But he did not do so. He allowed her to have her own way, while often expressing disapproval of it ; he neither issued commands nor asked favors ; and so they gradually drifted apart until a gulf opened between them which was all the more impassable because neither of them quite realized its width.

Marcia sought consolation in society ; and it must be admitted that she sought it pretty successfully. She became very popular ; she entertained a good deal, at first on a small scale, afterwards, as her acquaintance increased, more extensively ; her beauty developed as she grew older, and she soon acquired the tone and habits of a fashionable woman. Her admirers were many in number ; but they were such admirers as husbands do not commonly object to, and if Mr. Brett objected to any of them, he refrained from saying so. To some of her lady friends he did object, but that was in early days. When she had gained a little experience, she found that there were certain houses in which it was as well that she should not be thought to be upon a footing of intimacy, and she wisely avoided those houses. The beautiful Mrs. Brett was commended for her discretion, and indeed it was very necessary that she should be discreet, for her husband rarely accompanied her into the gay world, the press of his avocations rendering it impossible for him to do so.

He, like Marcia, had to seek for consolation somewhere, and he found it in unremitting labor. Thus he filled up his time and had no leisure for despondency, and made large sums of money, which were spent as soon as made ; for he had a big house in Portland Place, and his wife's parties were expensive. In one sense he may have been wise ; in another he was fatally foolish ; for a system of all work and no play often has results more disastrous than that of mere dulness. The result in poor Mr. Brett's case was a total nervous break-down, accompanied by an illness which for some weeks threatened to end his life. He pulled through ; but

he rose from his bed a changed and aged man. The doctors enjoined a long period of absolute rest ; so that for six months the house in Portland Place was closed, while its owners wandered through southern France and Italy. It was a sad journey for them both. They were thrown together more than they had ever been since their marriage, and their lack of mutual sympathy necessarily became accentuated. Eustace Brett, who had never learnt how to amuse himself, and was too old to learn by that time, was bored to death. He gradually recovered his health to some extent, but he was often suffering, sometimes peevish, and always longing for the unwholesome atmosphere of the law courts. As for Marcia, she would have been miserable enough, but for the companionship of her only child, a bright-faced boy, whom she adored. She could not be unhappy while she had Willie with her ; and who knows from what perils and temptations and evil thoughts and foolish actions that little black-eyed mortal may not have saved her ? Never, surely, since the world began was there such a dear, good boy ! That, at all events, was his mother's opinion, and indeed she might be pardoned for holding it. He was a sturdy little man, and sometimes he got into mischief like other children ; but he was as brave as a lion, and he told no lies, and he loved his beautiful mother with all his heart. On the other hand, he had no great affection for his father, who alarmed him and did not know what to say to him.

Eustace Brett returned joyfully to London and work ; but his joy was of brief duration. A very short time sufficed to make it manifest to him that the ambitious dreams which had been nearer to his heart than he had supposed must be laid aside at once and forever. A competent authority told him as much in plain words.

"Of course, Mr. Brett," said his doctor, "you can kill yourself if you choose ; you will easily accomplish that in about a year, I should think. But you cannot go on as you are doing now and live. I am far from saying that you are not to use your brain in moderation ; only you have overtaxed it, and it will not serve you in the future as it has served you in the past."

The unfortunate man bowed to a decision which his own sensations confirmed, and went away with a heavy heart. What was to become of him ? He had secret hopes of a judgeship ; but for various reasons these hopes were not realized, and one morning he announced to his wife, in his usual deliberate, unimpass-

sioned voice, that he had been offered the appointment of a London police-magistrate, and had accepted the offer. From every point of view, it was a melancholy descent. Marcia had long ceased to take a lively interest in her husband's fame and fortunes, although she had always imagined that he would eventually become one of the law-officers of the crown; but what appealed to her feelings far more than the abandonment of this prospect was the necessity which was now explained to her that they should greatly reduce their style of living. Between them, she and her husband would henceforth be able to make up something over £3,000 a year, which certainly cannot be called poverty; still everything is relative, and they had been accustomed to expend every penny of a much larger income. When Marcia removed herself and her knickknacks from Portland Place to Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, her sensations were akin to those which a patriotic emigrant may be supposed to experience on bidding his native land good-night. She could not believe that anybody "in society" could dwell in the Regent's Park, and that small section of the society of London into which she had found her way seemed to her to be the only society worth living in. Of course she was mistaken, because there are plenty of charming people quite outside the fashionable world; yet her mistake was not unnatural, for when all has been said against it that can be said (and that is a good deal), the smart society of London remains, upon the whole, the pleasantest, the best-bred, and the easiest society in the modern civilized world. Marcia, who, like many of its members, did not belong to it by right of birth, had assimilated its habits, and the thought of severing herself from it caused her to shed some bitter tears.

Yet the new manner of life did not prove to be so unlike the old one as she had feared that it would be. She was too popular to be allowed to drop out of sight, and her change of address caused no sensible diminution in the number of daily invitations which she received. It was her husband who was forgotten, and whose existence was not always recognized upon the invitation cards. For that matter, he seemed very willing to be forgotten, and even when he was asked to dinner, he generally requested his wife to send an excuse on his behalf.

One evening, some ten years after her marriage, Marcia was going out to dine without Mr. Brett, who had, as usual, de-

clined to accompany her. She was bound for the house of her old friend Lady Wetherby, and she looked forward to a pleasant evening, because Lady Wetherby gave nice little dinners, and always took some pains in assorting her guests. In Lady Wetherby's case the unexpected had not occurred. She was a happy, prosperous woman; she and her husband were the best of friends; she had two children, a boy and a girl; she discharged her social duties with ease and success, and she was interested in many charitable undertakings. Whether she and Marcia had adhered strictly to their engagement that they would tell one another everything may be doubted, — after a certain age, one perceives the difficulty of carrying out such pledges, — but their friendship had stood the test of time, and when Mrs. Brett was attacked (for indeed Mrs. Brett was far too handsome to escape attack), it was not in the presence of Lady Wetherby that any one ventured to make insinuations against her. It was a somewhat stout and matronly personage who embraced Marcia on her arrival in St. George's Place, and made some perfunctory inquiries about the health of the absent police-magistrate; Lady Wetherby, like other people, had learnt to regard Mr. Brett as more or less of a cipher. About a dozen guests were assembled in her pretty, dimly lighted drawing-room, and with most of these Marcia was already acquainted. She did not, however, remember to have met before a young man whom her hostess presently led up to her and introduced as Mr. Archdale.

"Mr. Archdale tells me that he hasn't the pleasure of knowing you," Lady Wetherby said; "but you must know him very well by name."

"The Mr. Archdale?" inquired Marcia, with a smile, after bowing to the stranger.

"Oh, I suppose so," he replied, shrugging his shoulders and laughing. "At least, I am the man who paints the careful little pictures — which is probably what you mean."

"I am not an art critic," said Marcia; "but I like your pictures better than anybody else's, and if they are carefully painted, isn't that an additional merit?"

"Oh, they are carefully painted," answered the young man. "I take a lot of time and trouble about them; but people who are said to be judges tell me that they aren't first-rate, and I can well believe it. However, they have brought me fame and money; so that I ought to be contented. In point of fact I *am* contented."

He certainly looked so. His perfectly chiselled features, his sleepy blue eyes, with their long, dark lashes, the pose of his small head, the smile that perpetually hovered about his lips, and the slight drawl with which he spoke—all expressed a lazy satisfaction with the world into which he had been born, and which in truth had so far brought him a great deal more happiness than discomfort. He wore a short, peaked beard and a moustache which was twisted upwards; his crisp, curly brown hair was cut close, and his clothes fitted him very nicely. Evidently he was a bit of a dandy as well as a celebrated artist. Marcia at once took a fancy to him—she was not peculiar in that respect—and was glad when he told her that he had received instructions to conduct her to the dining-room.

"And now," said she, by way of opening the conversation, after they had taken their places at the table, "I want you to improve my mind a little with regard to art. It isn't every day that I get the chance of sitting beside a genius."

"If you will promise not to betray me, Mrs. Brett," he replied, "I will confess to you that you haven't that privilege to-night. I can draw pretty well, and I know something about color; more can't be said for me. It is true that the public and the newspapers say a good deal more, but that is only because they know no better."

"Is that the modesty of true greatness or only an unworthy attempt to extract compliments?" asked Marcia.

"It's neither, it's the unvarnished truth. I'm afraid I can't say anything that is likely to improve your mind, because my own is of the earth, earthy. I love everything beautiful"—here he suddenly raised his eyes for a moment to his neighbor's face—"and I suppose that is why I am a painter, but when my brother artists begin to talk transcendentalism, I'm out of it. I simply don't know what they mean—I don't feel that I have any high mission; I don't want to elevate the human race; the human race in its present imperfect condition is good enough for the likes of me. As far as I know myself I want nothing except to have a good time while I can. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Marcia assumed that he did not quite mean what he said; yet his sentiments did not fail to find an echo in her own heart, and indeed he was so handsome that he might have said far worse things without shocking her. She, too, loved beauty; she, too, had a very great desire

to enjoy herself; and although she went to church regularly and accepted the doctrines of Christianity in a theoretical sort of way, she was far from thinking the world as bad a place as some Christians would have us believe it. She and her companion had a long talk about art, in the course of which they contrived to say many things altogether irrelevant to their subject, and to become very well acquainted with one another. When the ladies left the room, and Lady Wetherby asked her how she had got on with her partner, she answered,—

"I think he is quite charming. He isn't a bit conceited or shoppy, and he seems to like all the things that I like."

"I wouldn't answer for his not being conceited," returned Lady Wetherby, laughing; "but he doesn't appear to be shoppy, and I can quite understand that your tastes agree. He is coming to stay with us in the country later on. Wetherby has given him an order to paint some panels for us, and I dare say he will take a long time about it; for he is a very idle youth, notwithstanding his cleverness."

"Is he well off?" Marcia asked.

"Well, yes, I believe he has a little money; and, of course, now that he is the fashion, he gets long prices for his pictures. For his own sake it is unfortunate that he isn't obliged to work harder."

"But for the sake of other people it is fortunate that he sometimes has time to dine with his friends," observed Marcia. And she thought she would like to ask this interesting young artist, who so little resembled other artists, to dine in Cornwall Terrace.

However, she could not do that without leave; for her husband, who was becoming more and more of a recluse, detested strange faces. Besides, Mr. Archdale disappointed her a little by making no effort to join her when he appeared with the other men. She noticed that while ostensibly conversing with the two ladies behind whose chairs he had seated himself, he was surreptitiously sketching something or somebody upon his shirt-sleeve, and when at length the groups broke up and he slowly approached her, she said,—

"If it isn't an impertinent request, might I look at your cuff, Mr. Archdale?"

"Oh, certainly," he answered, laughing; "but I have made a mess of it. I dare say you won't guess whose profile this is meant to represent."

She had not, however, any difficulty in recognizing the subject of the outline sub-

mitted to her, and in truth the portrait was not an unflattering one. "I should be very ungrateful if I complained of that," she remarked smilingly. "Is it a habit of yours to amuse yourself in this way when you dine out?"

He shook his head.

"Too dangerous," he answered. "Still once in a while I venture to run the risk, because there are chances which one would never forgive oneself for losing. You see, Mrs. Brett, for anything that I know, this first meeting of ours may be our last."

"Oh, I hope not," said Marcia, in her friendly way—and it was this friendly way of hers which had won her such a number of friends. "In London one can generally meet people whom one wants to meet, I think. Besides, if you care to call upon me, I shall be very glad to see you any Wednesday afternoon, when I am always at home."

She gave him her address, which he wrote down upon his shirt-cuff, beneath her portrait, and soon after that she went away. Archdale, who was upon a footing of intimacy with his host and hostess, lingered until the other guests had departed, when he said, —

"Your friend is simply divine! Who in the world is she?"

"Oh, she is human enough," answered Lord Wetherby, with a laugh. "She is the wife of the beak, and she is about the most confirmed flirt that I know; and if I were you, my young friend, I wouldn't attempt to captivate her, because that is a little game at which she can give you points and a beating."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Archdale," struck in Lady Wetherby, "he knows nothing at all about it. Marcia Brett, who is one of my oldest friends, is no more a flirt than I am. It isn't her fault that her cantankerous old husband chooses to shut himself up, and it isn't her fault that she is beautiful, or that men who ought to know better fall in love with her. I hope you are not going to be so silly, Mr. Archdale. If you are, and if you imagine that she will ever care a straw about you, you will be disappointed, I am afraid."

"My dear Lady Wetherby," replied the young artist, "the mischief is already done; I am desperately in love with her. Oh, you needn't look so shocked; there's nothing wrong about it; my love is purely platonic, and I haven't the slightest hope of its being returned. All the same, I hope the beak isn't inclined to be a jealous husband."

Lady Wetherby did not smile. She knew that this young man, whose familiarity her good-natured husband had encouraged to an extent of which she did not entirely approve, had the reputation of being a lady-killer, and she also knew that Marcia, if not a flirt, was not always so circumspect as her friends could have wished her to be.

"I don't think Mr. Brett is jealous," she said coldly. "At any rate, I am sure that he has no reason to be so."

Lord Wetherby stuck his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room, whistling softly.

"Come and smoke a cigar before you go, Archdale," said he. "Laura is such a good woman herself that she thinks other women must be like her. They ain't, though."

CHAPTER IV.

MARCIA'S SON.

LORD WETHERBY was perhaps a little unfair in describing Marcia Brett as a flirt; yet he was not alone in holding that opinion of her. Of course all depends upon the meaning which may be attached to the word "flirtation;" but a pretty woman who prefers the society of the other sex to that of her own can hardly expect to escape censure, and Marcia had not escaped it, in spite of her discretion. It may be that she had been discreet for the simple reason that no man had as yet succeeded in touching her heart; but several had made the attempt, and with a great many she had had periods of close intimacy. She frankly confessed that she liked men, and that she did not, as a general rule, like women. Of the latter, some had scandalized her, some had deceived her, while almost all had made her acquainted with the little spites and meanesses which are too apt to disfigure feminine nature. "With men," she was wont to say, "you know at least where you are. They can't deceive you and they very seldom try. But I have never yet met a woman, except Laura Wetherby, of whom I should dare to make a friend."

With ladies, therefore, experience had taught her to be upon her guard; but in other respects she was little changed at the age of twenty-eight from what she had been at eighteen. She had the same warm affections, the same intense longing to be loved, or at all events liked, the same youthful capacity for enjoying herself. And what change there was in her appearance was (as she perceived with joy from

a daily and careful study of her features in the looking-glass, rather in the nature of an improvement. She had had some troubles and anxieties; but these had passed away without leaving any of the indelible traces by which the countenances of nervous persons are so often scored; she certainly did not look her age, and there seemed to be ground for hope that she had still many years of juvenility before her.

As she was being driven homewards in her brougham she experienced that pleasant feeling of anticipation and excitement which the acquisition of a new acquaintance always gave her. She knew very well that she had produced an impression upon Mr. Archdale, and he, on his side, had produced a certain impression upon her. He was, at any rate, something of a novelty. The young men whom she had hitherto taken up and invited to dinner, and associated with until she and they had grown mutually tired of one another, had been very nice in their way, but had somewhat lacked variety. They had all belonged to the class which shoots in autumn, hunts in winter, attends the principal races in summer, and is more or less in London at every season of the year. She had at one time tried to make something of the gentlemen learned in the law whom Mr. Brett occasionally brought home with him, but had found them quite impossible. She had, therefore, been forced to fall back upon the well-dressed youths whom her husband, without much discrimination, stigmatized as "mashers," and whom he regarded with ill-concealed aversion. Marcia regretted this; because, although Mr. Brett was not a jealous man, it made her uncomfortable to see him looking so cruelly bored; added to which, he would not permit any addition to be made to her visiting-list without his previous sanction.

Well, anyhow, he would like Mr. Archdale, she hoped. He could not call that eminent artist a masher, or speak of him as an utterly useless member of the community. If there was one thing that Eustace respected it was intellect; and she herself was beginning to think that a little display of intellect would be welcome, by way of a change. She really wished to please her husband when she could; and so, after reaching Cornwall Terrace, she entered his study with a smile upon her lips; for this time, at all events, she would be able to tell him that she had made a new friend from whose conversation some improvement might be derived.

He was sitting at his big writing-table, with a shaded lamp by his side and a pile of books and notes before him. At the sound of the opening door he turned his head, and, on catching sight of his wife, sighed rather wearily. He had become quite an old man; the little hair that he had left was grey, and his thin cheeks were deeply wrinkled. "Well," he said, "have you had a pleasant evening?"

This was what he invariably said when she came in, and the eternal question generally irritated her, not only because it was rather silly in itself, but because she knew that he never paid any attention to her reply. On the present occasion she made no reply at all, but said: "How tired you look! Why do you sit up working like this?"

"I am not more tired than usual," he answered peevishly; "nor am I working. I was only looking up the authorities upon a point which was raised to-day in the Court of Queen's Bench, and which — but you wouldn't understand."

He pushed away his books and papers, with another sigh, turned his chair so as to face that in which she had seated herself, and passed his hand over his forehead. "Let me see," he said; "where have you been to-night? Oh, to Lady Wetherby's, wasn't it? I suppose you met the usual nonentities."

"Yes," answered Marcia, yawning and drawing off her long gloves; "most of them were what you call nonentities. May I have something to drink, if I am not interrupting you?"

She was interrupting him, and he looked as if he thought so; but he replied politely, "Not at all," and rang the bell for Apollinaris.

"There was one rather brilliant exception, though," Marcia resumed; "Mr. Archdale, the artist, you know."

"Archdale? Oh, yes, the man who apes Meissonnier in a humble way. Yes; I have been told to admire the pictures that he exhibits. So he was brilliant, was he?"

"Not offensively so. He seemed to be pleasant and clever, and I thought of asking him to dinner some night, if you don't mind."

"More dinner-parties!" sighed Mr. Brett. "We have had four in the last fortnight."

"Yes; but three of them were in one week, and it is impossible to go on accepting everything and doing nothing in return."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Brett, "if you

start upon the presumption that everything must be accepted —"

Marcia gave her shoulders a little impatient jerk. All this had been said so often before, and she had explained so many times that one cannot pick and choose, that one must either accept hospitality or refuse it. Her husband, for his part, was fully aware of the futility of the protests which he could not refrain from making. He was not convinced that it was necessary to entertain as much as they did, and the expense of their entertainments had become a source of anxiety to him; yet, since his wife's income was now equivalent to his own, he did not feel justified in prohibiting her from spending it as she pleased. After a pause, he said, —

"If Lady Wetherby receives Mr. Archdale, that may be taken as a guarantee of respectability, I suppose. By all means ask him. He cannot be more inane than the others, and he may possibly be less so."

"He is not in the least like the others," Marcia declared, "and if only you could divest your mind of the prejudice that you always have against any friend of mine, I believe you would find him an agreeable companion. That is why I wanted to cultivate his acquaintance, because, after all, I would rather invite people to the house whom you could get on with, if I did but know where to find them."

"The difficulty, no doubt," observed Mr. Brett, with a faint smile, "is to find people who can get on with me. But perhaps if Mr. Archdale decides to honor us with his company, it will not be for my sake; so that my unsociability is of no great consequence."

"I don't see why you should determine in advance to be unsociable," said Marcia.

"You mean, perhaps, that you don't see why I should recognize an indisputable fact. But the recognition of facts has always been my strong point, whereas it is scarcely yours."

After this there was another long pause, during which Mr. Brett looked wistfully at his books, while Marcia sipped her Apollinaris meditatively. She knew that he wanted to get rid of her; but for some reason or other she felt more anxious to conciliate him that night than usual; so she lingered on, and at length — for she could think of nothing better to say — she asked, "What have you been doing all day, Eustace?"

"What do I do every day?" he returned. "I sat in court until the usual

hour; then I went to the club for a little; then I came home and dined by myself —"

"That was your own choice," interrupted Marcia.

"Of course it was my own choice. And since dinner I have been reading and writing."

"It does seem to me to be a great pity that you should choose to lead such a life," Marcia said. "You don't like it, it doesn't agree with you, and I don't believe it would agree with anybody. If you had gone to the Wetherbys' with me to-night they would have been very pleased to see you."

"You think so? I have my doubts as to that; but I have no doubt at all that it wouldn't have pleased me to see them."

"Yet you profess to have such an admiration and esteem for Laura Wetherby."

"I think Lady Wetherby is an excellent woman, who performs her duties unexceptionably. In her position it is one of her duties to give dinner-parties. But it is not one of mine to attend them."

"Are you so certain of that? Some people would say that it is a husband's duty to be seen at least occasionally with his wife."

Mr. Brett's pale cheeks turned paler, which was always a sign of anger with him. "I thought," he replied coldly, "that we had long ago come to an understanding upon that point. I have no inclination for society, and if I had, my health would not allow me to turn night into day. Under the circumstances, I might perhaps have told you that I did not wish you to go out without me, and requested you to make some sacrifice of your tastes to mine; but, for various reasons, I thought it right that you should be free to decide for yourself in the matter. I have not quarrelled with your decision; but the case will be somewhat altered if I am to understand that you expect me to station myself at the top of a staircase all night while you are dancing."

"You know very well that I never said anything of the sort, Eustace," returned Marcia, with tears of indignation in her eyes. "I never thought of asking you to go to balls; but I do think that if you would sometimes consent to dine out, you would be a little less — less morose and disagreeable than you are now."

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Brett irritably, "let us avoid the use of uncivil adjectives. If your suggestion was prompted by a desire for my mental or physical advantage, I am really very much

obliged to you, though I doubt the efficacy of the means prescribed; but what you said was that it was my duty to be seen with you."

"I said some people might think so; but it doesn't matter. I suppose you will go your way and I shall go mine until the end of the chapter. Probably that is the best plan."

"I confess," said Mr. Brett, leaning back in his chair and folding his hands, "that it appears to me to be the only practicable plan."

Marcia left the room, vexed and disheartened, for she hated to be repulsed; yet, underlying the mortification of which she was conscious, there was a certain unacknowledged feeling of relief. She had done her best — she was always doing her best; she had made advances and, as usual, they had been disdained. If, some day or other, consequences should ensue which Eustace might not like, he would only have his own obstinate hostility to thank. She did not say this to herself, but the thought was in her heart all the same.

On the landing at the top of the stairs she met a short, middle-aged lady in a flannel dressing-gown, who said apologetically, "I am afraid we are very late to-night. The truth is that Willie set his heart upon seeing you when you came in, and nothing would induce him to go to sleep. So I have been reading to him."

This was Miss Wells, the governess to whom Willie's education had been entrusted. She was a worthy, kind-hearted woman, devoted to her charge, who was devoted to her, but who tyrannized over her. Mr. Brett thought her a fool — as possibly she may have been — and Mrs. Brett loved her because she loved the boy, but was sometimes a little jealous of her. Perhaps she was a little jealous of her now, for she said, —

"Oh, Miss Wells, you ought not to keep him awake so long. Of course, I can never tell whether I shall get home early or late."

"He is fast asleep now," Miss Wells answered. "I tried him with Hans Andersen's fairy-tales; but that was no use at all, so I fell back upon Russell's 'History of Modern Europe,' which I have seldom known to fail. He didn't see you before you went out to-night," she added, by way of excusing herself and him.

The excuse seemed to be considered sufficient; for Marcia smiled and wished Miss Wells good-night without further remonstrance. She opened the door of her

son's room softly, and stole in, shading her bedroom candle with her hand. The boy had tossed the bedclothes off him; he was lying with one arm under his head and the other outstretched by his side, the palm of the hand upwards; his closed eyes displayed to advantage the long, dark lashes of which his mother was so proud; his rounded cheeks had the faint flush which slumber brings in childhood; his parted lips were curved into the smile which seldom deserted them, whether he was awake or asleep. Willie Brett was now nine years old, and it was certain that he would have to be sent to school before long, though his mother could not bear to think of that. He was hardly to be called a pretty boy, nor was there much prospect of his growing up into a handsome man; nevertheless he had a charming face, and one person in the world, at least, was prepared to maintain against all comers that no conceivable change in him could partake of the nature of an improvement.

Marcia stood gazing at him in rapt admiration for some minutes, and as she looked, she forgot all about the stern, unsympathetic student of law down-stairs, all about the fascinating Mr. Archdale, and all about her numerous engagements for the morrow, which, as a general rule, claimed her last waking thoughts. She was quite sure that she did not really care for anything or anybody a tenth part as much as she did for her boy; and it may be that she was not mistaken, for when one thinks of the person whom one loves best, it is customary and allowable to withdraw oneself from the competition. Well, she could not go to bed without giving Willie one kiss; so she bent over him and just touched his warm cheeks with her lips. That should not have been enough to disturb anybody's slumbers; but perhaps his were not very deep, for he stirred, stretched himself, yawned, and finally opened his eyes. He winked and blinked for a second or two; then the smile upon his lips grew broader, he broke into a low laugh, and said, as if imparting a piece of information which might possibly astonish his hearer, "I've been asleep."

"Yes, and you must go to sleep again, dear," his mother answered. "It's the middle of the night, and I didn't mean to wake you. I'm going away now."

"Oh, no, don't go," pleaded the boy, who had struggled into a sitting posture; "if you do, I shall lie awake for ever so long. Stay just five minutes and talk." He added, after a brief scrutiny of her: "How pretty you look!"

"Do you think so?" said Marcia, smiling back at him and letting her cloak fall from her shoulders, so as to show her diamonds.

"You are always pretty, mummy," answered the boy; "don't you know you are? Come and sit down close beside me and tell me about the dinner. It was a dinner to-night, wasn't it?"

Marcia nodded and did as she was requested, taking the boy's warm hands in her own, which had grown a little chilly in the course of that interview with her husband.

"Nice people?" Willie inquired.

"Oh, pretty well — not particularly," his mother replied. "Yes, there was one whom I rather liked."

"What was his name?" asked the juvenile inquisitor; and it was a little significant that he was in no doubt as to the sex of the individual who had been so fortunate as to please his mother.

"He was a Mr. Archdale, an artist," Marcia answered. "Upon second thoughts, I'm not sure that I did like him so very much. I don't often meet artists, so that he was a novelty; but he hadn't a great deal to say about art."

"Artists are rather muffs, aren't they?" suggested Willie. "What *did* he say? Did he tell you how pretty you looked?"

"No," answered Marcia, laughing, "he didn't say anything so nice as that; it is only you who always say nice things, Willie. Oh dear! I wish we could go away to some desert island — just you and I — and never be heard of again."

"I shouldn't mind," observed Willie meditatively; "but I expect you would get tired of it after a bit. Oh, yes, you would want new dresses, and — and new people to talk to, and all that."

"I suppose I should," agreed Marcia, sighing. "Well, we musn't talk any more nonsense now. Good-night, my darling!"

She threw her arms round the boy and kissed him again and again. Then she held him at a little distance from her, looking into his eyes. There were tears in her own; though she could not have explained the cause of them.

"Willie," she said, "do you love me best in the world — quite best?"

"Quite best," Willie replied unhesitatingly.

"Better than Miss Wells?"

He laughed at the absurdity of the question. "Oh, Miss Wells! She is an old dear; but she isn't *you*, mummy."

Marcia smiled; but her smile soon faded away. "How dreadful it is," she

exclaimed, "to think that a day will come — *must* come — when you won't love me best any longer! I shan't be 'mummy' then, and I shan't be pretty; I shall be 'mother' and an ugly old woman, from whom you will conceal all sorts of things. It hasn't come yet, though. Perhaps, after all, I may die before it comes."

She left the room without waiting to hear Willie's protestations. It is useless to protest against the immutable laws of human nature, and although we sometimes try to persuade ourselves that they may be suspended in our particular case, we always know in our hearts that they cannot be.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

AT the outset of this article I wish to forewarn my readers that probably many of them will be greatly disappointed by the results of my investigations. It is a prevalent opinion that woman owes her present high position to Christianity, and the influences of the Teutonic mind. I used to believe this opinion, but in the first three centuries I have not been able to see that Christianity had any favorable effect on the position of women, but, on the contrary, that it tended to lower their character and contract the range of their activity. Unquestionably in the Gospels women occupy a prominent position. Many of them followed Christ and ministered to him. With a woman who had had five husbands and was living with a man not her husband, he holds the most profound conversation, and to her he proclaims the grandest truths of his revelation. And the women of his day and country seem to have had great liberty of movement and action. One of them, described by St. Luke as "a sinner in the city," finds her way into the house of a Pharisee with whom he was dining, pours a box of ointment on his feet, and washes his feet with the hair of her head. Christ mingles freely in the marriage festivities where his mother and doubtless other female relatives were present. His intercourse with the family of Bethany is of the most unrestrained character, and he talks to both sisters on the highest subjects. And, according to St. John, his first appearance after his resurrection is made to a woman, Mary of Magdala, from whom he had expelled seven demons.

But in the Gospels there is no special doctrine propounded in regard to women, and if there is any approach to this, it exhibits great mildness, if we take the story of the woman caught in adultery as genuine. It is when we come to the writings of St. Paul that opinions are pronounced in regard to marriage and the conduct of women, and there can be no doubt that these opinions are of a stern and restrictive nature. The Ebionites explained the apostle's conversion by stating that he was, as he himself allowed, a native of Tarsus, that he was not a Jew, but a Greek with a Greek father and a Greek mother, that he went up to Jerusalem and stayed there for some time, that he fell in love with the high priest's daughter, became in consequence a proselyte and asked her in marriage, but on being refused he was enraged, and wrote against circumcision, the Sabbath, and the law. Some have thought that there is a bitterness against women in the writings of St. Paul which can be explained only by some such rejection as that related by the Ebionites. His words had a great influence on the formation of opinion in regard to women in the ancient Church. They fell in with the tendencies of the times, and were made the groundwork and support of the depreciation of marriage, which became prevalent in the third and fourth centuries of our era.

Christianity also soon brought with it a new state of feeling in regard to questions relating to sex. Acts that had been indifferent now became morally wrong, and the Christian writers inquire minutely into points which had not previously been discussed. The Christian writers are particularly frank in their treatment of these questions. Their sense of decency is quite different from that of the moderns, and the consequence is that it is not possible for a modern writer to give a full exposition of their ideas and reasonings.

There are two Christian books belonging, the one to the beginning of the third century, the other to the beginning of the fourth, that make large reference to the duties and position of women. The first is the "*Pædagogus*," or Instructor, of Clement of Alexandria. In this work the Alexandrian Father guides the Christian in all the affairs of common life. He exhibits how the Christian ought to behave at meals, what food and drink he ought to take, how long he should sleep, what kind of clothes he ought to wear, how he ought to conduct himself in church, and similar matters. Now in dealing with the duties of women he refuses to employ any eu-

phemism. A spade with him must be a spade or it is a lie. God created man and woman, every part of them, and "no one," he says, "ought to be ashamed of naming what God was not ashamed to create," and to go about the bush is to act in disrespect of him. Besides, he thought it very important that every detail of the Christian life should be directed according to the instructions of divine reason, and therefore he would have regarded it a dereliction of duty if he had not discussed all that concerns the functions of women. But the feeling of the present age is for euphemism and concealment, and accordingly when we had to translate Clement's works into English, in the Ante-Nicene Library, there were portions so completely opposed to modern ideas of decency that we considered it better to present them in a Latin and not an English dress. The same peculiarity characterizes the other work which I mentioned: "*The Banquet of the Ten Virgins*," by Methodius. In this book ten virgins praise virginity; but the virgins show a remarkably intimate acquaintance with the physiology and aberrations of women. Now in the case of Clement no one can doubt the purity and simplicity of his mind, and his expositions, though they have been denounced by some divines, are absolutely devoid of all pruriency. Perhaps there is a little of the meretricious in the style of the banquet, for the writer is imitating somewhat unsuccessfully the "*Banquet*" of Plato; but the language is entirely consistent with perfect purity, and the difference from our own times is to be attributed to the sentiments of the age, not to a debasement of character.

There is another remark that has to be made before we proceed with our subject. We may have to employ the term Christianity frequently; but a great mistake would be committed if it were assumed that the term has always the same meaning. There is the Christianity of Christ, the Christianity of the first century, the Christianity of Hildebrand, of Luther, and of Calvin. Christianity is different as it appears in different ages and persons. In the early centuries the Christianity of Rome differed from that of Greece and of Africa, and it is not to be assumed that, because one Christian writer mentions a practice, that practice was therefore universal in the Church. So when we quote a writer, that writer is of good authority for his own opinion or practice, of tolerably good authority for the doctrine and practice of the Christian-

ity of his own country and age, but more faintly for the Christianity of other countries and ages.

At the time when Christianity dawned on the world, women had attained, as we have seen in our articles on Roman women, great freedom, power and influence in the Roman Empire. Tradition was in favor of restriction, but by a concurrence of circumstances women had been liberated from the enslaving fetters of the old legal forms, and they enjoyed freedom of intercourse in society; they walked and drove in the public thoroughfares with veils that did not conceal their faces, they dined in the company of men, they studied literature and philosophy, they took part in political movements, they were allowed to defend their own law cases if they liked, and they helped their husbands in the government of provinces and the writing of books. One would have imagined that Christianity would have favored the extension of woman's freedom. For Christianity itself was one of the most daring revolutions which the world has ever seen. It defied all past customs, it aimed at the overthrow of the religions of the world, it overleapt the barriers of nationality, and it desired to fuse all mankind into one family and one faith. Necessarily, such a movement was accompanied by much excitement and agitation, but when enthusiasm sways any association of men, and they live in a state of ferment, they break in pieces the bonds of custom—those very bonds which most firmly chain women down to a slavish position of routine. Accordingly, at the very first stage women take a prominent part. But in a short time this state of matters ceases in the Church, and women are seen only in two capacities—as martyrs and as deaconesses.

As martyrs they presented a magnificent spectacle of what poor weak woman can dare and do when under the impulse of an inspiring faith. There are especially two genuine Ante-Nicene writings which relate the courage of women under the agonies of trial. The first is the letter of the Churches of Lyons and Vienne, written in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and the second narrates the martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas in the beginning of the third century. In the letter of the Church of Lyons the most conspicuous woman is a delicate young slave of the name of Blandina, to whom every possible kind of torture was applied, until her body was a mass of deformity, but no word could be wrung out of her in denial of her Lord.

"I am a Christian," she said, "and there is no evil done amongst us." The torturers, finding her resolution immovable, allowed her a short respite. After an interval of a day or two she was taken to the amphitheatre to be exposed to the wild beasts. She was suspended upon a cross in the midst of these animals, but they did not touch her, and she was conveyed back to the noisome and dark dungeons of her prison. Neither wild beast nor prison altered her determination. The magistrates were very anxious that she should recant, and day by day they led her to the scenes of torture, in the hope that she would be frightened by the terrible sufferings which she saw her companions endure, and on each occasion they urged her to swear by the gods. Blandina remained steadfast, and on the last day of the gladiatorial shows she was taken to the amphitheatre. There she was scourged and roasted on a red-hot iron chair, then enclosed in a net and tossed by a bull, and finally stabbed, triumphant in the faith of a glorious resurrection and a blessed union with her Lord. The martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas was carried out in similar circumstances. Felicitas was a slave. Vivia Perpetua belonged to the higher ranks. She had received a good education, and was married at the time of her apprehension, and had a child at the breast. She was only twenty-two years of age. Her father was still a heathen, and urged her by every possible form of argument and appeal to renounce her faith, but she was firm. She was then cast into a dungeon and suffered agonies on account of the darkness and separation from her child. But her friends were influential enough to procure an alleviation of her hardships, and she was permitted to have her infant and to receive visits from her Christian brethren. After some days the prisoners were taken to the town hall and tried. Perpetua's father again assailed her with entreaties to swear by the gods, and so did the Roman procurator. "Spare," said the latter, "the grey hairs of your father, spare the infancy of your boy, offer sacrifice for the well-being of the emperors." But Perpetua was unmoved, and to the fatal question, "Are you a Christian?" she replied, "I am a Christian," and was condemned to the wild beasts. She returned to her dungeon, there to await the day of the games. On that day the various prisoners were conveyed to the amphitheatre, and when the turn of the young women came, Felicitas and Perpetua were placed in nets and exposed to the attacks

of a mad cow. Perpetua was first tossed up in the air and fell on her loins, but was not injured so much as to be unable to help Felicitas when she was crushed to the ground, for she gave her hand to her companion and lifted her up. The savage fury of the populace was appeased for a time, and a demand was made for other combatants. As the evening drew on, all the Christians alive were summoned to receive the final sword-thrust; they kissed each other and then submitted to their fate. Then the writer of the narrative exclaims, "O most brave and blessed martyrs, O truly called and chosen unto the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ." Every honor was heaped after death on the women who thus suffered for Christ's sake, and their ashes and other relics were supposed to exercise a sanctifying and miraculous influence; but during their lives it was their duty to stay at home and manage the affairs of their household and not meddle in teaching or any spiritual function.

Let us look now at the organization of the Church. Various ideas are entertained in regard to this subject. The view that I take of it is that the organization was the outcome of the necessities of the case directed by the institutions of the age and the place. The idea that regulated the forms of organization was that each member should contribute to the Church, in an orderly way, any gift that God had given him. And, in the first enthusiasm of the Christian movement, women were allowed to do whatever they were fitted to do. Accordingly, we meet in the early Church with prophetesses. Special mention is made of the four daughters of Philip. The women combine with the men in spreading the Gospel. St. Paul calls several of them his fellow-laborers, and one he designates a minister or deaconess (as some have translated it) of the Church in Cenchreæ. But not many generations elapse when all this comes to an end, and we hear only of two classes of women in connection with the administration of Church affairs. The first is that of widows. The Church supported its own poor, and took upon itself especially the maintenance of widows and orphans. For the widows work was found. Some persons were required to visit sick women, to convey assistance to poor women, and to rear orphan children. Widows were selected for this service, but not all widows. Certain qualifications were deemed essential. The widow must at least be sixty years of age; she must have made

up her mind not to marry again, and she must have experience in the nursing of children, so as to give suitable advice to mothers in their distress and difficulties. And, of course, she must have a good character for sobriety, discretion, and piety. In process of time the duties which had been assigned to them were transferred to another class of women, though the widows still continued to exist as a separate body. This new class received the name of deaconesses. Some have thought that deaconesses existed in the apostolic times, and others have supposed that the office was of early origin but confined to special localities. It seems to me that the passages on which these opinions have been based do not substantiate a fixed and definite office, but mere casual and sporadic services. It is towards the middle of the third century that in all probability the new order became common in all the Churches, for then the circumstances were such as to demand its existence. First of all, widowhood had fallen in the spiritual market and virginity had risen. It was not wrong for the widow to have married, but the act implied a certain weakness, and she thereby contracted a stain which rendered her less fit for the service of the Church. Accordingly, even in the time of Tertullian, virgins were elected for the duties and called widows. "I know plainly,"* he says, "that in a certain place a virgin of less than twenty years of age has been placed in the order of widows." He himself objects in the strongest manner to this innovation, and speaks of this virgin as a monster—a virgin-widow, and unfit for the work, because she had not had experience in the married life and in the training of children. But the respect for virginity was at that time growing, and other circumstances combined to evoke the new order. To the end of the second century there were no public buildings for Christian worship. The Christians met in private houses, and the tenants of the houses made all the arrangements necessary for the meetings. But when churches began to be built, officials had to look after them, and this duty was assigned to the deacons. In the advance of ascetic ideas, the women sat or stood apart from the men and entered by a separate door. And at this door stood the deaconess to direct the worshippers to their places and to see that all behaved quietly and reverently.

* All the translations are taken from Clark's Ante-Nicene Library.

This was the great work of women in the Church, and in the end became nearly their only work. But they had also to help the deacons in any service which was deemed more suitable for women. Thus, in baptism, the women were immersed, but it was not seemly that all the preparations for the ceremonial should be made by the men, and the dressing and undressing were committed to the care of the deaconess. At the same rite the deacon anointed only the forehead of the Christian woman with oil; the deaconess then anointed her whole body. The deaconess also undertook the work which the widows had done in carrying messages and ministering to the temporal wants of poor women. "Thou shalt send a woman a deaconess, on account of the imaginations of the bad," is the order given in the Apostolical Constitutions.

The widows had no spiritual function. They were not to teach. How jealous the Church was in this matter is seen from the instructions given to them: "Let the widow," is the commandment in the Constitutions, "mind nothing but to pray for those that give and for the whole Church, and when she is asked anything by any one let her not easily answer, excepting questions concerning the faith and righteousness and hope in God. . . . But of the remaining doctrines let her not answer anything rashly, lest by saying anything unlearnedly she should make the word to be blasphemed." And the occupation of the widow is summed up in these words, "She is to sit at home, sing, pray, read, watch and fast, speak to God continually in songs and hymns." And if she wishes to go to any one to eat or drink with him, or to receive anything from any one, she must first ask the deacon's consent, and if she acts without first consulting him she is to be punished with fasting or separated on account of her rashness.

The deaconesses also were prohibited from teaching. They were superior to the widows in the liberty of movement which they had, and the widows were enjoined to be obedient to them; but they had no spiritual function, and while there is no doubt that they were ordained for their service as the widows also were, they had no sacred character, and could perform no priestly office. To take one instance from Tertullian. In discussing the administration of baptism, he states that the bishop has the right of conferring it first of all, then presbyters and deacons, and then, if none of these are at hand, a layman might administer, but a woman

never. And he appeals to the apostle Paul. "For how credible would it seem that he who has not permitted a woman even to *learn* with over-boldness, should give a female the power of teaching and baptizing. 'Let them be silent,' he says, 'and at home consult their own husbands.'"

The entire exclusion of women from every sacred function stands in striking contrast with both heathen and heretical practice. In Rome the wife of the Pontifex Maximus took the lead in the worship of Bona Dea, and in the religious rites which specially concerned women. The most honored priest attached to a particular god in Rome, the Flamen Dialis, must be married, and must resign his office when his wife died, for his wife was also a priestess, and his family were consecrated to the service of the god. And the vestal virgins received every mark of respect that could be bestowed on them, and the amplest liberty. The highest officials made way for them as they passed along the streets, they banqueted with the College of Pontifices, they viewed the games in the company of the empress, and statues were erected in their honor. The same respect is accorded to women by many of the heretical Christians. Nearly every founder of a sect has a woman to aid him. Simon Magnus has his Helene, Montanus his Maximilla, Apelles his Philumene, and so in the case of other sects. One sect deserves special notice for the energy with which it supported the claims of women. It bore various names, such as the Quintiliani, the Pepuziani, the Priscilliani, and the Bread-and-Cheesites, because they celebrated their mysteries with bread and cheese. They gave special thanks to Eve because she first ate of the tree of knowledge. They celebrated the sister of Moses and the four daughters of Philip, because they asserted the right of women to prophesy, that is, to speak in public the message of God. Frequently in their church seven virgins, clothed in white and bearing torches, stood up and addressed the people, and spoke so eloquently that tears of repentance ran down the cheeks of the audience. In this sect women held the place of bishops and elders and deacons as well as men, and they appealed to St. Paul for their practice; for he says, "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." It is against this sect that Tertullian, or one assuming his name, launches his thunderbolts. "The very women," he says, "of these heretics how wanton they

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are! For they are bold enough to teach, to dispute, to enact exorcisms, to undertake cures, it may be even to baptize."

Such, then, was the position which woman occupied in the Church in the course of the first three centuries of Christianity. The highest post to which she rose was to be a door-keeper and a message-woman, and even these functions were taken away from her during the Middle Ages. Was there a reason for this? Perhaps we may find some clue to this phenomenon in the conceptions which the fathers of the Church formed of the nature of woman.

It is one of the curious features of early Christianity that it did not discuss some of those social problems which would naturally have suggested themselves. Thus no objection is taken to slavery, though the Therapeutæ had already denounced it as unlawful and inhuman. Christianity proclaimed a gospel of love, which had no limit but that of the human race. And it applied this gospel to all classes. The Christian slave thus became the brother of all members of the community, received kindness from all, and was admitted to equal rights and privileges. But Christianity also enjoined on him submission to the will of his proprietor, urging the belief that man is bound to be content with the position in which he is, to bear patiently all the ills of this life in the certain hope of a glorious future. The marriage laws and customs prevalent throughout the Roman world in the first ages of Christianity ought to have created difficulty, but nothing is said of this difficulty. Thus a Christian slave woman was the property of her master, her children were a source of gain to him, and he took entire control over this matter, as over the breeding of cattle. Yet we do not hear of any discussion in regard to this arrangement, nor of any attempt to rescue the slave woman from the treatment to which she must have been subjected. Again, the Roman law recognized marriages only between citizen and citizen; but a very large number of the early Christians had not the rights of citizenship until the beginning of the third century, and if they made associations of the nature of marriage, their children were deemed illegitimate by the civil law. Probably the Church defied the civil law. It became a maxim that Christians were not to go to law with each other, and the Church established laws, and a jurisdiction of its own. In the case of marriage this was peculiarly necessary, as the marriage of a believer

with an unbeliever caused to the former great inconvenience in carrying out his faith, and indeed supplied strong temptations to apostasy. Such marriages were therefore from the first forbidden on pain of expulsion. It is likely, then, that any Christian man and woman were regarded as duly married, notwithstanding the civil law, if they had got the consent of the bishop; and secret connections—that is, connections not first professed in the presence of the Church—were considered akin to vice.

The questions that occupied the Christian mind related rather to the moral character of marriage. These questions were raised first of all by the heretical sects, which applied philosophy to the tenets and practice of the Church. And it is one of the most interesting facts in early Christian history that the Church in combating these sects succeeded in defeating them, but always carried off a large portion of their heretical opinions for its own permanent use. The sects may be divided into two classes. Some affirmed that marriage was unnecessary, that full liberty had been conceded to them of indulging the passions, and that indeed the way to rise to perfection was by a practical acquaintance with all forms of action possible to man. Others held that marriage was immoral, that the flesh was corrupt, that those who sowed to the flesh must reap corruption, and that in the kingdom of God on earth as in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. It is difficult to trust all that is said about these heretical sects—for our accounts are derived from the orthodox alone—and in regard to this matter of marriage the orthodox invariably accuse the heterodox of licentiousness. But there was no class of people who ought to have been more careful in their assertions than the orthodox, as they themselves were accused of the vilest crimes. It is one of the most striking facts in all history that in the second century the Christians were universally believed by pagans to be secret conspirators combined for immoral purposes, and at their trials it was sufficient for a man to confess that he was a Christian to be condemned as a licentious villain. The assertions made in regard to them were that they met in secret, that slaughtering an infant they poured his blood into a cup, and that passing this cup round they all drank of it; that then the lights were extinguished and the men and women proceeded to indiscriminate licentiousness. How could such ideas have arisen? An explanation of this

reveals to us marked peculiarities of the early Church in the treatment of women, and may help us to see how the later opinions arose. Christianity came at first in the fervor of an overpowering love, love to God and love to man, irrespective of his race, position, or belief. But this fervor of love directed itself with special force to those who accepted the same faith. They called each other fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters. They were in the habit of assembling before dawn, or at night, men and women together, in private houses to conduct their worship. The assembly consisted of a strange assortment of characters and grades. The apostle Paul in writing to the Corinthian Church says to them: "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor sodomites, nor thieves, nor cheats, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor plunderers, shall inherit the kingdom of God; and these things were some of you." And there were in the assembly the bond and the free, the rich and the poor, the high and low, but with a large preponderance of the low. It was natural for a heathen to suppose that an assembly, composed, as he would consider it, of the dregs of society, and meeting in hours of darkness, had no good object in view. And the account which they themselves gave of their worship sounded to a pagan equally contemptible. The Christians affirmed that they worshipped a poor carpenter, a son of despised Galilee, the child of a husbandless mother. Then they spoke of eating a body and drinking blood. But perhaps color was given to the accusation, most of all by two institutions which have now passed away, except in the case of one or two small sects.

In the days of the first fervor the Christian brethren set up a plan of voluntary socialism, and wished to have all things in common; but the plan did not work, and they had recourse to a systematic relief of the poor. One feature of this relief was what were called love-feasts. It was not unusual in ancient times for large bodies of men to dine together, and large dinner parties were often made up by each man bringing his contribution to the feast. With some such idea as this the Christians met, men and women together, the rich bringing the supplies, and they all dined together. Probably they did this every day at the earliest period, and some think that these meals constituted the celebration of what is called the Lord's Supper. The love-feasts were unquestionably asso-

ciated with this institution, but in the course of time they became less frequent, and generally took place after the administration of the Eucharist. They continued till the fifth century, at least, and were often held in the churches, after churches were erected. These dinners were not always scenes of perfect propriety, as St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians shows, and on some occasions intoxication and riotousness prevailed. These feasts went by the name of loves, or love-feasts, as we now translate the word. We need not wonder that pagans should suspect that the loves were not of the purest.

Then there was another practice, still more foreign to our Christian ideas. There is no command in the New Testament to keep the Sunday, or to stand, or sit at singing, or to repeat the creed, or to keep Good Friday or Christmas, or to do a hundred other things about which Christians have wrangled with all earnestness; but there is a commandment five times repeated in the apostolic epistles, and indicative of the strong bond of brotherhood which bound Christian brothers and sisters to each other, to this effect: "Salute the brethren with a holy kiss," St. Peter varying the command, "Salute the brethren with a kiss of love." It is likely that at first this kiss was imparted at every meeting, but gradually it became limited to the great sacramental occasions, such as baptism and the Eucharist. At first, too, and for a considerable time, the Christian brothers and sisters kissed each other. It is easy to see that such a practice would give rise to scandalous reports, and there is evidence in the ecclesiastical writers that the early Christians did not always make it a holy kiss, as it should have been. Athenagoras quotes a saying which he attributes to our Lord, and which evidently deals with an abuse of this practice. It is to this effect: "Whoever kisses a second time, because he has found pleasure in it, commits a sin." And Clement of Alexandria thus speaks of the matter: "Love is not tested by a kiss, but by kindly feeling. But there are those that do nothing but make the churches resound with a kiss. For this very thing, the shameless use of the kiss, which ought to be mystic, occasions foul suspicions and evil reports."

These customs prove that considerable freedom prevailed among the earliest Christians, and doubtless sometimes this freedom was abused. In the very first epoch some of the Corinthian Christians sided with a man who committed incest

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and persisted in it after rebuke, and the apostle had to exert himself to the utmost to repress the sympathy and the sin. But the accusations, speaking generally, were hideously false and unfounded. They are of some consequence for our purpose, for they must have acted powerfully on the minds of Christians in inducing them to avoid everything that might furnish even the semblance of justification for them.

From a very early date two currents can be traced in the Church—one in the direction of upholding marriage, another in that of despising and rejecting it. No one with the New Testament as his guide could venture to assert that marriage was wrong, and the tradition remained firm in the Church during the Ante-Nicene period that it was unlawful and heretical to forbid marriage. The apostolic fathers offer exhortations to wives to love their own husbands truly, and to love all others with no partiality for any one and in all chastity, and to train up their children in the knowledge and fear of God. As time moves on, such exhortations become less frequent, but still marriage is held up as a modified blessing. And Tertullian, whose words in an opposite direction are very strong and numerous, has this passage, "Whence are we to find language adequate to describe the happiness of that marriage which the Church cements and the oblation confirms, and the benediction signs and seals, which angels report and the Father holds as ratified?" And then he describes the joys of the couple: "Together they pray, together prostrate themselves, together perform their fasts, mutually teaching, mutually exhorting, mutually sustaining." But Tertullian, it has to be noticed, is not here insisting on the blessings of marriage, but on the blessedness of a marriage between two believers celebrated in the face of the Church, in contrast with a marriage between a believer and an unbeliever not sanctioned by the Church. The duties of the wife were simple: She had to obey her husband, for he was her head, her lord and superior; she was to fear him, reverence him, and please him alone; she had to cultivate silence; she had to spin and take care of the house, and she ought to stay at home and attend to her children. The only occasions for her going out were when she went to church, or with her husband to visit a sick brother.

The other current of thought which I mentioned ran against marriage, and it was of an ascetic nature. The seeds of it occur in the "Republic" of Plato, and it

attached itself to the Pauline conception of flesh. I can explain it best by a reference to food. We take food in order to sustain the body. But various kinds of dainties please the palate, and we may take the food not merely for health, but for the pleasure that it gives. In the first instance we are acting rightly and under an irresistible necessity. In the second instance we are sinning, for we are yielding to a base appetite, the outcome of the flesh. The flesh, its appetites and passions, are the sources of human corruption, and gratification of the flesh is a sin. In like manner the sole object of marriage is that children may be born, and if any other object is sought, it is a gratification of lust, and therefore while marriage is allowable, man may be nearly as licentious in marriage as out of it. These inferences are drawn with the utmost precision by Christian writers of the second and third centuries, and the opinions I have mentioned will be found expressed in numerous passages. But it is easy to see that the mind could not halt in this position. Marriage, even for the sake of children, was a carnal indulgence, and such thinkers could not help feeling that the arrangement of the Creator was not altogether satisfactory. They did not venture on saying this. They did not dare to condemn marriage. But they held that it was much better not to marry at all, that the man or woman who had never married, but remained pure, was a nobler and more exalted being than the man or woman who had married. Of course these ideas did not spring into vogue at once, but gradually forced their way. They were aided by the increasing rigor in the distinction between clerical and lay. The clerical man must possess a peculiar sanctity. A man who aspired to a clerical office in the Church must, above all, show control over the lusts and passions of earth, and so refrain from marriage. The lay brother might be unable to free himself from the trammels of earth; the cleric could rise to the throne of heaven only on the wings of virginity. There thus arose a gradation of merit which had its counterpart in the evolution of the world's history. "For the world," says Methodius, "while still unfilled with men, was like a child, and it was necessary that it should first be filled with these, and so grow to manhood. But when hereafter it was colonized from end to end, the race of men spreading to a boundless extent, God no longer allowed man to remain in the same ways, considering how they might now proceed from

one point to another and advance nearer to heaven until, having attained to the very greatest and most exalted lesson of virginity, they should reach to perfection, that first they should abandon the intermarriage of brothers and sisters and marry wives from other families, and then that they no longer should have many wives, like brute beasts, as though born for the mere propagation of the species, and then that they should not be adulterers, and then that they should go on to continence, and from continence to virginity, when having trained themselves to despise the flesh, they sail fearlessly into the peaceful haven of immortality." Marriage, according to this writer, was not abolished by Christ, but it was a state of inferiority. "For I think," he makes a virgin say, "I have gathered clearly from the Scriptures that after the Word had brought in virginity, He did not altogether abolish the generation of children; for though the moon may be greater than the stars, the light of the other stars is not destroyed by the moonlight." There thus arose the gradation of virgins, widows, and wives. Tertullian speaks of wives as women of the second degree of modesty who have fallen into wedlock.

The current of thought which I have exhibited displays itself, first of all, in the condemnation of second marriages. The apostle Paul permitted these, and the Church could not forbid them. In the "Pastor of Hermas" they are not condemned, but Athenagoras raises his voice against them. "He who deprives himself," he says, "of his first wife, even though she be dead, is a cloaked adulterer." The argument used against them was that God made husband and wife one flesh, and one flesh they remained, even after the death of one of them. If they were one flesh, how could a second woman be added to them? She could not become *one* flesh. Tertullian, diverging from the Catholic to the Montanistic faith, maintained that a second marriage was equal to a marriage with two wives at one time, and therefore forbidden. But whatever their arguments were, at the root of the opinion lay the ascetic tendency of thought. This is seen in Tertullian, who wrote a treatise addressed to his wife, admonishing her not to marry again if he died first. In speaking of the resurrection he says to her: "There will at that day be no resumption of voluptuous disgrace between us;" and in another treatise he remarks: "Let us ponder over our consciousness itself to see how different a man feels himself

when he chances to be deprived of his wife. He savors spiritually."

Tertullian, for his age, is exceptional in the strength of his denunciations, and the Church so far adhered to the apostolic permission as to allow laymen to marry twice.

This antagonism to marriage had a great influence on family life. It is strange how seldom children are mentioned in the Christian writings of the second and third centuries. Almost nothing is said of their training; no efforts are mentioned as being made for their instruction. The Christians had come to the belief that the world had enough of children, and was fully stocked, and that every birth was a cause of sorrow and not of joy. One writer interprets the wail of the infant as he enters the world thus: "Why, O mother, didst thou bring me forth to this life, in which prolongation of life is progress to death? Why hast thou brought me into this troubled world, in which, on being born, swaddling bands are my first experience? Why hast thou delivered me to such a life as this, in which a pitiable youth wastes away before old age, and old age is shunned as under the doom of death? Dreadful, O mother, is the course of life which has death as the goal of the runner. Bitter is the road of life we travel, with the grave as the wayfarer's inn." Tertullian says: "Further reasons for marriage which men allege for themselves arise from anxiety for posterity, and the bitter, bitter pleasure of children. To us this is idle. For why should we be eager to bear children, whom, when we have them, we desire to send before us to glory (in respect, I mean, of the distresses that are now imminent); desirous as we are ourselves to be taken out of this most wicked world and received into the Lord's presence." He describes children as "burdens which are to us most of all unsuitable, as being perilous to faith." And again: "Let the well-known burdensomeness of children, especially in our case, suffice to counsel widowhood — children whom men are compelled by laws to have, because no wise man would ever willingly have desired sons." And he exclaims, "A Christian forsooth will seek heirs, disinherited as he is from the entire world."

Such ideas had necessarily a very powerful effect on the place and position of woman and on the conception of her nature. What was that effect? I will attempt to describe it in a few words. I may define man to be a male human being,

and woman to be a female human being. They are both human beings, both gifted with reason and conscience, both responsible for their actions, both entitled to the freedom essential to this responsibility, and both capable of the noblest thoughts and deeds. As human beings they are on an equality as to their powers, the differences in individuals resulting from the surroundings and circumstances of spiritual growth. But man is a male and woman is a female, and this distinction exists in nature for the continuance of the race. Now what the early Christians did was to strike the male out of the definition of man and human being out of the definition of woman. Man was a human being made for the highest and noblest purposes; woman was a female made to serve only one. She was on the earth to inflame the heart of man with every evil passion. She was a fire-ship continually striving to get alongside the male man-of-war to blow him up into pieces. This is the way in which Tertullian addresses women: "Do you not know that each one of you is an Eve? The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age; the guilt must of necessity live too. You are the devil's gateway; you are the unsealer of that forbidden tree; you are the first deserter of the divine law; you are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed so easily God's image, man. On account of your desert, that is, death, even the Son of God had to die." And the gentle Clement of Alexandria hits her hard when he says: "Nothing disgraceful is proper for man, who is endowed with reason; much less for woman, to whom it brings shame even to reflect of what nature she is." Gregory Thaumaturgus asserts: "Moreover, among all women I sought for chastity proper to them, and I found it in none. And verily, a person may find one man chaste among a thousand, but a woman never." The "Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs" makes a similar statement, and adds: "By means of their adornment they deceive first the minds of men, and they instil poison by the glance of their eye, and then they take them captive by their doings," and therefore "men should guard their senses against every woman." "The angel of God showed me," it says in another passage, "that forever do women bear rule over king and beggar alike; and from the king they take away his glory, and from the valiant man his strength, and from the beggar even that little which is the stay of his poverty."

How, then, were men to treat this frivolous, dress-loving, lust-inspiring creature? Surely the best plan was to shut her up. Her clear duty was to stay at home, and not let herself be seen anywhere. And this duty the Christian writers impress upon her again and again. She is not to go to banquets, where her looks are sure to create evil thoughts in the minds of men who are drinking largely of wine. She is not to go to marriage feasts, where the talk and the songs may border on licentiousness. Of course she is not to wander about the streets in search of sights, nor to frequent the theatre, nor the public baths, nor the spectacles. Does she want exercise? Clement of Alexandria prescribes for her: "She is to exercise herself in spinning and weaving, and superintending the cooking, if necessary." He adds: "Women are with their own hand to fetch from the store what we require; and it is no disgrace for them to apply themselves to the mill. Nor is it a reproach to a wife — housekeeper and helpmeet — to occupy herself in cooking, so that it may be palatable to her husband. And if she shake up the couch, reach drink to her husband when thirsty, set food on the table as neatly as possible, and so give herself exercise tending to sound health, the Instructor will approve of a woman like this." During the only occasions on which she may quit her own house, namely, when visiting the sick or going to church, she must be veiled — not a portion of her face must be seen, and when she is in church she must remain covered. These are the injunctions which occur repeatedly in the Christian writers. Voices were raised against this ascetic treatment, among them that of one Bishop of Rome, but they were drowned in the current of invectives that were directed against woman's love of dress and finery and show. These invectives and discussions on the dress of women and veiling of virgins are numerous. Tertullian, Cyprian, Clement of Alexandria, Commodian, and the Apostolic Constitutions deal minutely with the subject — all on the idea that woman is a most inflammatory being. Is a woman beautiful? "Natural grace," says Tertullian, "must be obliterated by concealment and negligence, as being dangerous to the glances of the beholder's eyes." Then she must clothe herself from head to foot. In speaking of her going to church, Clement of Alexandria says: "Let her be entirely covered, unless she happen to be at home. For that style of dress is grave and protects from being

gazed at. And she will never fall who puts before her face modesty and her shawl; nor will she invite another to fall into sin by uncovering her face. For this is the wish of the Word, since it is becoming for her to pray veiled."

Then she must not adorn herself in any way. "It is not right in God," says Com-mo-dian, "that a faithful Christian woman should be adorned." The purpose of clothing is to defend the body against excess of cold and intensity of heat, and the simplest materials are sufficient for this purpose. The Christian woman must therefore bid farewell to embroidery of gold and Indian silks; she is strictly forbidden to wear gold ornaments of any kind, and she is to avoid all dyed clothes, as the dye is unnecessary for health, afflicts greedy eyes, and moreover it is false; for God would have made the sheep purple, if he had wished the woollen clothes to be purple. Strong condemnation is uttered against any attempt to trick out the person. "Headdresses," says Clement of Alexandria, "and varieties of headdresses, and elaborate braidings, and infinite modes of dressing the hair, and costly mirrors in which they arrange their costume, are characteristic of women who have lost all shame." And if the adornment of the natural body is thus condemned, the endless variety of artificial contrivances employed by the Roman and Greek ladies is necessarily considered abominable. In regard to the hair, Cyprian addresses virgins thus: "Are sincerity and truth preserved when what is sincere is polluted by adulterous colors, and what is true is changed into a lie by the deceitful dyes of medicaments? Your Lord says, "Thou canst not make one hair black or white," and you in order to overcome the word of your Lord, will be more mighty than he, and stain your hair with a daring endeavor, and with profane contempt; with evil presage of the future, make a beginning to yourself already of flame-colored hair." And he uses equally strong expressions in regard to tinting the eyes. "You cannot see God, since your eyes are not those which God made, but those which the devil has spoiled. You have followed him, you have imitated the red and painted eyes of the serpent. As you are adorned in the fashion of your enemy, with him also you shall burn by-and-by." And he thus sums up the exhortations which he addresses to the virgins: "Let your countenance remain in you incorrupt, your neck unadorned, your figure simple; let not wounds be made in your

ears, nor let the precious chain of bracelets and necklaces circle your arms or your neck; let your feet be free from golden bands, your hair stained with no dye, your eyes worthy of beholding God." Notwithstanding all the exhortations which were showered upon the wives and virgins, the Christian writings prove that human nature often had its own way. Both Clement and Cyprian tell dreadful stories of some of the virgins, and in the treatise of Cyprian, from which I have quoted, there are lamentations like this: "For this reason, therefore, the Church frequently mourns over her virgins; hence she groans at their scandalous and detestable stories; hence the flower of her virgins is extinguished, the honor and modesty of continency are injured, and all its glory and dignity are profaned." At the same time we ought to do justice to the self-control and perseverance with which many pursued their high ideal—for the ideal was a high one, as the purity aimed at was not corporeal merely, but extended over the whole range of life. "For it would be ridiculous," says one of the virgins in Methodius, "to preserve the lustful members pure, but not the tongue, or to preserve the tongue, but neither the eyesight, the ears, nor the hands, or lastly to preserve these pure but not the mind, defiling it with pride and anger."

Such then was the position of women among the early Christians. We have said nothing of Christian legislation, for we have been treating of a period when the legislation was carried on entirely by pagans. But we ought to mention two facts, or two phases of one fact, which had a great effect on the destinies of mankind, but especially of woman, and which have found their way into modern legislation. The Roman father had absolute power of life and of death over his children in the primitive times of Rome. Gradually this power slackened, but he retained to the end of heathendom the right to expose his children, and pagan sentiment supported him in such conduct. The infants on their birth might be drowned, or exposed to the cold air, or starved, or abandoned to wild beasts. In this way deformed and weakly children were left to perish. A very large number of the children who were thus disposed of were girls. Christianity condemned this practice from the first as murder. It went further. It was a question with the ancients at what time the human foetus became a living being, and many maintained that the soul came to it only when it was born. Tertullian has

discussed this subject fully in his treatise on the soul. He says: "This view [that the fœtus has no soul] is entertained by the Stoics, along with Aenesidemus, and occasionally by Plato himself, when he tells us that the soul, being quite a separate formation, originating elsewhere and externally to the womb, is inhaled when the new-born infant first draws breath." This was the opinion prevalent among all classes of the pagan world, and the practice was universal and avowed of killing the fœtus by drugs. But Christianity took the other view, that the soul came at the earliest stage, and maintained that it was equally sinful "to take away a life that is born, or destroy one that is coming to birth." Accordingly the heathen practice was forbidden by the Church. The prohibition made its appearance at an early period in Christianity, for it occurs in the Epistle of Barnabas, written about the beginning of the second century, and we are told that Peter says in the Apocalypse (an apocryphal writing probably of early date) "that abortive infants shall share the better fate: that these are committed to a guardian angel, so that, on receiving knowledge, they may obtain the better abode, having had the same experiences which they would have had, had they been in the body."

This view of the Christians in regard to infanticide would tend largely to increase the number of women in the world, as infant girls were the most frequent victims of the practice. The ascetic tendency, on the other hand, repressed the growth of population. It had also a deteriorating effect on posterity. The less spiritual classes of the people, the laymen, being taught that marriage might be licentious and that it implied an inferior state of sanctity, were rather inclined to neglect matrimony for more loose connections, and it was these persons alone that then peopled the world. It was the survival of the unfittest. The noble men and women, on the other hand, who were dominated by the loftiest aspirations and exhibited the greatest temperance, self-control, and virtue, left no children. During this period there is a striking absence of home life in the history of Christians. No son succeeds his father, no wife comforts the wearied student, no daughter soothes the sorrow of the aged bishop. Perhaps this absence of domestic affection, this deficiency in healthy and vigorous offspring, this homelessness, may account in some degree for the striking features of the next century, and especially the prevalent hard-

ness of heart. Then men disputed with the utmost bitterness and ferocity about minute points of doctrine which are now incomprehensible almost to every one, and matters of absolute indifference to this generation, and they pronounced sentence of eternal damnation without the slightest compunction on all who differed from them. Then treatises were written to show why every heretic should be put to death in this life and tortured eternally in the life to come. And there is scarcely a champion of the faith, orthodox or heterodox, who was not accused of fearful crimes. If a lesson is to be drawn it surely is that, as with individuals there is no place like home, so with a State, there is no institution like home; that a community can be great only where there are happy, harmonious, and virtuous homes, and that homes cannot be happy and harmonious and virtuous unless woman is accorded a worthy place in these homes, with freedom of action, with a consciousness of responsibility, and with the right, unfettered by circumstance or prejudice, to develop all that is best and noblest in her to the utmost perfection.

J. DONALDSON.

From The National Review.

MR. STEVENSON'S METHODS IN FICTION.

SOMEWHERE, I think that it is in the preface to "Prince Otto," Mr. Stevenson remarks in his playful, half-earnest way, "I still purpose, by hook or crook, this book or the next, to launch a masterpiece." There are many who, on reading his last book, "The Master of Ballantrae," may be inclined to think that he has carried out his promise. If a strong story, strongly told, full of human interest, and absolutely original in its situations, makes a masterpiece, then this may lay claim to the title. But, unfortunately, the word is a nebulous one. There is no Greenwich standard yard by which genius can be measured and tested. Contemporary critics can but give their judgment from their own more or less fallible points of view. The final court of appeal must always, in the long run, be public opinion, and that slow-going and ponderous tribunal must be given at least a generation before being asked for its final decision. When it does say its last word, however, it is seldom or never wrong.

There is profound truth, in literary as in other matters, in the aphorism laid down by the late Walter Bagehot. "Experi-

ence shows," says he, "that no man is on all points so wise as the mass of men are after a good discussion, and that if the ideas of the very wisest were, by miracle, to be fixed on the race, the certain result would be to stereotype monstrous error." Critics, from the days of Jeffrey to those of our own, have been a very positive race, but they have also been a very fallible one. A quiet process of readjustment is continually going on which revises their decisions and corrects their errors, whether in regard to the merits of single books, or, more often, to the comparative position of contemporary authors. We can see the process going on now in the case of those recent or living writers whose work stands far enough away from us to allow us a little perspective. The collective voice of the reading public tends to confirm or to reconsider the value of their labors. It may, at present, be merely a tendency, but it makes for a definite and permanent result. Scott and Thackeray more than hold their own. George Eliot and Lytton are on the wane. Charles Reade and Meredith come to the front.

Bearing the extreme fallibility of contemporary criticism before our minds, then, we must weigh our words carefully before we speak of masterpieces. Yet, if the intense inward conviction of a sympathetic reader may count for anything, Mr. Stevenson had at the very time when he penned those words already given to the world one piece of work so complete in itself, and so symmetrically good, that it is hardly conceivable that it should ever be allowed to drop out of the very first line of English literature. "The Pavilion on the Links" marks the high-water mark of his genius, and is enough in itself, without another line, to give a man a permanent place among the great story-tellers of the race. Mr. Stevenson's style is always most pure, and his imagination is usually vivid, but in this one tale the very happiest use of words is wedded to the most thrilling, most concentrated interest. It would be difficult to name any tale of equal length in which four characters, those of Northmour, Cassilis, the absconding banker, and his daughter, stand out so strongly and so clearly—the more Titanic for the lurid background against which they move. There have been changes, and all for the worse, between the story as it originally appeared in *Cornhill* and as it reappeared in "The New Arabian Nights," but even as it stands it is a piece of work of extraordinary merit.

Yet if "The Pavilion on the Links" has

claims to be considered a masterpiece, and may confidently hope to stand the merciless test of time, the same must also be conceded to "Dr. Jekyll." In fact, of the two, "Dr. Jekyll," though slightly inferior as a work of art, has the greater certainty of longevity. The allegory within it would lengthen its days, even should new methods and changes of taste take the charm from the story. As long as man remains a dual being, as long as he is in danger of being conquered by his worse self, and, with every defeat, finds it the more difficult to make a stand, so long "Dr. Jekyll" will have a personal and most vital meaning to every poor, struggling human being. *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.* So craftily is the parable worked out that it never obtrudes itself upon the reader or clogs the action of the splendid story. It is only on looking back, after he has closed the book, that he sees how close is the analogy and how direct the application. On the whole, it can hardly be doubted that, whatever may become of his longer books, Mr. Stevenson's aspiration has been doubly realized, and that he has already produced not one, but two pieces of work which, test them as you will, still make good their claim to the title of masterpiece.

One cannot speak of "Dr. Jekyll" and of "The Pavilion on the Links" without alluding to the other short stories in the three series of "The New Arabian Nights," "The Merry Men," and "The Dynamiter." It must be confessed that they are very unequal. Were they all up to the standard of the two already discussed, or even up to the less exacting level of the first episode of "The Suicide Club" or of "The Sire De Maletroit's Door," they might lay a claim to the highest place among such collections. Many of the tales, however, are slight and inconsequent to an exasperating extent. The brilliancy and vigor of the style will always carry the reader along, but the exiguous story leaves an empty and dissatisfied feeling behind it. It jars upon one to see so perfect an instrument applied to so inconclusive a purpose. Yet even when the tale, as a whole, misses its mark, there will always remain some strange, telling phrase, some new, vivid conception, so apt or so striking, that it is not to be dismissed from the memory. For example, the Mormon story in "The Dynamiter" might fade away as a connected tale, but how are we to forget the lonely fire in the valley, the white figure which dances and screams among the

snow, or the horrid ravine in which the caravan is starved. It is just these sudden flashes of extraordinary lucidity and vigor which make it so very difficult to assess the value of such tales or to weigh them against others which may preserve a higher average, although they are never capable of rising to such extreme brilliancy.

The art of writing a first-class short tale is entirely distinct from that of producing a good novel. The best proof of the essential difference between the two is, that the great masters of the one have met with no success in the other. Neither Thackeray, nor Scott, nor Reade, nor George Eliot, nor Wilkie Collins have ever written any short story which deserved to live upon its own merits. Lytton has written one and only one. On the other hand, those who have written the best short stories have been by no means equally fortunate in a longer flight. The writer of "Metempsychosis," for example, which is certainly one of the very finest short tales in the whole range of our literature, has made no mark with any novel. Nathaniel Hawthorne might at first sight appear to be a man who excelled in both arts, but his books are, when closely looked at, merely short tales upon a large scale, starting with a single leading idea, and depending upon the elaboration of a small group of characters. Poe, who stands in the forefront of story-tellers, never ventured upon a more sustained effort. Bret Harte, again, who can point certainly to two and perhaps to three short stories of unsurpassed merit, could never hope for a permanent place in literature for his "Gabriel Conroy," strong as it is in parts. James Payn has produced excellent work both on the larger and on the smaller scale, but, speaking generally, it may be said to be a very rare thing to find an author who can excel in either art; as rare, probably, as to find a sculptor who could cut a first-rate cameo, and yet was equally expert at hewing out Titanic groups of figures.

Now Mr. Stevenson has done this. He can claim to have mastered the whole gamut of fiction. His short stories are good, and his long ones are good. On the whole, however, the short ones are the more characteristic, and the more certain to retain their position in English literature. The shorter effort suits his genius. With some choice authors, as with some rare vintages, a sip gives the real flavor better than a draught. It is eminently so with Mr. Stevenson. His novels have all

conspicuous virtues, but they have usually some flaw, some drawback, which may weaken their permanent value. In the tales, or at least in the best of the tales, the virtues are as conspicuous as ever, but the flaws have disappeared. The merits of his short stories are more readily assessed too as his serious rivals in that field are few indeed. Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Stevenson; those are the three, put them in what order you will, who are the greatest exponents of the short story in our language. Another "Archibald Malmaison," however, would give a second Hawthorne almost as strong a claim as the first.

"Prince Otto" is chronologically the first of Stevenson's longer works of fiction, and there is internal evidence that it was written at the time when he was most strongly under the influence of George Meredith. No one can read the German chapters of "Harry Richmond" and then turn to "Prince Otto" without feeling that the one has, in a distant and perfectly legitimate way, inspired the other. There is the same petty and formal court situated in some vague Teutonic cloudland, the same fine, diplomatic flavor about it, the same unreal and yet charming Dresden-china characters with their cross purposes, their quick wits, and their polished talk. In Meredith's book, however, we are on good terms with the inimitable Roy Richmond, before he brings us to this no-man's-land, and we have therefore one tangible person whom we know, and who furnishes us with some sort of a standard by which we may measure the others. We miss this in Stevenson's. For a time we cling to the English traveller, Sir John, as one person who is well within our own personal knowledge, and at first he justifies our trust; but, alas, Sir John becomes corrupted by the manners of Grunewald, and plunges off into aphorism and shadowdom. Even Gordon, the Scotch soldier of fortune, cannot bear up against the prevailing tone, but becomes as introspective and didactic as his sovereign lord. Hence it comes that there is a mist — iridescent, if you will, but none the less a mist — which hangs over the whole business and separates it from the work-a-day world, as we know it. The people are not human. They are bright, witty, perverse, wise, but they are not human. We do not see any of them clearly. We cannot take much personal interest in their fortunes, in their loves, or in their hates. An ostler who steals his horse's oats is welcome to the reader as one little prosaic and homely

figure in all this clash of high sentiment and flashing repartee. To sum all in a word, the story is Meredithian, and there is probably no other man who could have reproduced so admirably the peculiar and subtle methods of the master.

Meredith was made to be imitated. His mission is not so much to tell stories himself, as to initiate a completely new method in the art of fiction, to infuse fresh spirit into a branch of literature which was in much need of regeneration. His impatient and audacious genius has refused to be fettered by conventionalities. He has turned away from the beaten and well-trod track, and has cleared a path for himself through thorny and doubtful ways. Such a pioneer would have worked in vain were there not younger men who were ready to follow closely in his steps, to hold what he has gained, and to strike off from it to right and to left. It is a safe prophecy to say that for many generations to come his influence will be strongly felt in fiction. His works might be compared to one of those vast inchoate pyramids, out of which new-comers have found materials wherewith to build many a dainty little temple or symmetrical portico. To say that Stevenson was under the influence of Meredith is no more than to say that he wrote in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and was familiar with the literature of his day. All good work, especially all early good work of a man, shows the influence of some model upon which he has fashioned his style of work. Meredith himself, in his loquacious and motherly Mrs. Berry, shows the influence of Dickens, just as Mr. George Moore's "Mummer's Wife" reflects the careful and candid work of Zola, or Hall Caine's "Deemster" is moulded upon the breadth and vigor of Victor Hugo.

A very singular mental reaction took Mr. Stevenson from one pole to the other of imaginative work, from the subtle, dainty lines of "Prince Otto" to the direct, matter-of-fact, eminently practical and Defoe-like narratives of "Treasure Island" and of "Kidnapped." Both are admirable pieces of English, well conceived, well told, striking the reader at every turn with some novel situation, some new combination of words which just fits the sense as a cap fits a nipple. "Treasure Island" is perhaps the better story, while "Kidnapped" may have the longer lease of life as being an excellent and graphic sketch of the state of the Highlands after the last Jacobite insurrection. Each contains one novel and admirable

character. Alan Breck in the one, and Long John in the other. Surely John Silver, with his face the size of a ham, and his little gleaming eyes like crumbs of glass in the centre of it, is the king of all seafaring desperadoes. Observe how the strong effect is produced in his case, seldom by direct assertion on the part of the storyteller, but usually by comparison, innuendo, or indirect reference. The objectionable Billy Bones is haunted by the dread of "a seafaring man with one leg." Captain Flint, we are told, was a brave man; "He was afraid of none, not he, only Silver—*Silver was that genteel.*" Or, again, where John himself says, "There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat was Flint's. The devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; but when I was quartermaster, *lamb*s wasn't the word for Flint's old buccaneers." So by a touch here and a hint there, there grows upon us the individuality of this smooth-tongued, ruthless, masterful, one-legged devil. (He is to us not a creation of fiction, but an organic living reality with whom we have come into contact; such is the effect of the fine suggestive strokes with which he is drawn.) And the buccaneers themselves, how simple and yet how effective are the little touches which indicate their ways of thinking and of acting. "I want to go into that cabin, I do; I want their pickles, and wine, and that." "Now if you had sailed along o' Bill you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice—not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him." Scott's *Buccaneers* in "The Pirate" are admirable, but they lack something human which we find here. It will be long before John Silver loses his place in sea fiction—"and you may lay to that."

There is still a touch of the Meredithian manner in these books, different as they are in general scope from anything which he has attempted. There is the apt use of an occasional archaic or unusual word, the short, strong descriptions, the striking metaphors, the somewhat staccato fashion of speech. Yet in spite of this flavor, they have quite individuality enough to constitute a school of their own. Their faults, or rather perhaps their limitations, lie never in the execution, but entirely in the original conception. They picture

only one side of life, and that a strange and exceptional one. There is no female interest. We feel that it is an apotheosis of the boy's story — the penny number of our youth in *excelsis*. But it is all so good, so fresh, so picturesque, that, however limited its scope, it still retains a definite and well-assured place in literature. There is no reason why "Treasure Island" should not be to the rising generation of the twenty-first century what "Robinson Crusoe" has been to that of the nineteenth. The balance of probability is all in that direction.

The modern masculine novel, dealing almost exclusively with the rougher, more stirring side of life, with the objective rather than the subjective, marks the reaction against the abuse of love in fiction. This one phase of life in its orthodox aspect, and ending in the conventional marriage, has been so hackneyed and worn to a shadow, that it is not to be wondered at that there is a tendency sometimes to swing to the other extreme and to give it less than its fair share in the affairs of men. In British fiction, nine books out of ten have held up love and marriage as the be-all and end-all of life. Yet we know, in actual practice, that this is not so. In the career of the average man his marriage is an incident, and a momentous incident; but it is only one of several. He is swayed by many strong emotions; his business, his ambitions, his friendships, his struggles with the recurrent dangers and difficulties which tax a man's wisdom and his courage. Love will often play a subordinate part in his life. How many go through the world without ever loving at all? It jars upon us then to have it continually held up as the predominating, all-important fact in life; and there is a not unnatural tendency among a certain school, of which Stevenson is certainly the leader, to avoid altogether a source of interest which has been so misused and overdone. If all love-making were like that between Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough, then indeed we could not have too much of it; but to be made attractive once more, the passion must be handled by some great master who has courage to break down conventionalities and to go straight to actual life for his inspiration.

"The Black Arrow" can hardly rank with the books already mentioned. Whether it is that the telling of the story in the third person does not suit Mr. Stevenson's method so well as the personal narrative, or whether it may be that the

mediaeval atmosphere is uncongenial to him, the result is certainly very far below his usual level. In most of his writing, he appears to produce an effect without striving for it. Here, on the contrary, he strives continually, but never quite attains it. There is none of that air of precision and reality which marked its predecessors, nor is it worthy in any way to be compared to them. Here, however, as in his weaker tales, there are occasional vivid flashes which go far to leaven the whole. The picture of the unhappy man who runs down the glade amidst the laughter and the arrows of the concealed archers, is as good as it could be, and so is the sketch of the tumultuous flight, thundering down the road, and of the pursuer who hacks about with a broken sword, "cursing the while in a voice which was scarce human." In these touches we see the great writer, while what falls below may be well put down to stress of travel and fluctuation of health. The same may be said of "The Wrong Box." Fear, horror, surprise, are emotions on which he can work as few have ever done, but humor or its twin brother pathos have never yet shown themselves to be prominent among his gifts. Least of all is broad humor adapted to his genius. Besides, in this particular instance, there is a somewhat grim and repellant basis to the joke, which makes it just a little incongruous and ghastly. On the whole, although it is a very creditable work for Mr. Osborne to have been concerned in, it can hardly be welcomed by all true admirers of Mr. Stevenson, who have learned from him to be a little dainty and exacting in their taste for fiction.

"The Master of Ballantrae," however, is a bird of another feather. It aims high, and falls very little short of the point aimed at. It may, perhaps, be less graphic than "Kidnapped," and lack the continuous stir of "Treasure Island," but it is broader in its scope, and freer in its handling than either of its predecessors. It contains one carefully elaborated and delicately drawn female figure in Alison Graeme, whose whole character, in its strength and in its perversity, is admirably natural and original. The male characters, too, are a stronger group than he has ever before brought together. Besides the central Mephistophelean figure of the master, there is his no less formidable brother Harry, both drawn with extraordinary vigor and intensity. Then on a smaller scale, but almost equally good, are the sprightly Chevalier Burke and the admirable old lord. How clearly we are made

to see him when the news of his son's death is carried to him in the night. "He, too, sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's." The minor characters are all good, from the pragmatist Mackellar, and the faithful Secundra Dass, down to the objectionable, piratical gentleman who burns sulphur, and shrieks "Hell! hell!" in his cabin. We do not seem to see the Sarah and her crew quite as plainly as we did the old Walrus, nor is there a Long John upon her ship's books. The whole story centres, however, round the diabolical master, and it is upon his cold, methodical, black-hearted villainy that it must chiefly depend for its effect. A more utterly ruthless scoundrel has never been depicted. Here is one episode which gives his character in a nutshell, and is at the same time a very good example of Stevenson's terse and startling manner of producing an effect. They are escaping, three of them, *arcades omnes*, across an American swamp with some treasure. The common seaman of the party, who is somewhat *de trop*, blunders into a dangerous bog.

Presently we saw him sink a little down, draw up his feet and sink again; and so, twice. Then he turned his face to us, pretty white.

"Lend a hand," said he; "I am in a bad place."

"I don't know about that," says Ballantrae, standing still.

Dutton burst out into the most violent oaths, sinking a little lower as he did so, so that the mud was nearly up to his waist, and plucking a pistol from his belt—

"Help me," he cries, "or die and be damned to you!"

"Nay," says Ballantrae, "I did but jest. I am coming." And he set down his own packet and Dutton's, which he was then carrying. "Do not venture near until we see if you are needed," said he to me, and went forward alone to where the man was bogged. He was quiet now, though he still held the pistol, and the marks of terror on his countenance were very moving to behold.

"For the Lord's sake," said he, "look sharp!"

Ballantrae was now got close up. "Keep still," says he, and seemed to consider; and then, "Reach out both your hands."

Dutton laid down his pistol, and so watery was the top surface that it went clear out of sight; with an oath he stooped to snatch it, and as he did so Ballantrae leaned forth and stabbed him between the shoulders. Up went

his hands over his head—I know not whether with the pain, or to ward himself—and the next moment he doubled forward in the mud.

Ballantrae was already over the ankles, but he plucked himself out and came back to me where I stood with my knees smiting one another.

"The devil take you, Francis!" says he. "I believe you are a half-hearted fellow, after all."

That is a truly Stevensonian scene, and one that haunts the reader like some grisly nightmare. Associate this horrid deed with a gentleman of polished address, striking features, elegant dress, and immense personal courage and energy, and you have one of the most effective and thorough-going villains in fiction.

Mr. Stevenson, like one of his own characters, has an excellent gift of silence. He invariably sticks to his story, and is not to be diverted off to discourse upon views of life or theories of the universe. A story-teller's business is to tell his story. If he wishes to air his views upon other matters he can embody them in small independent works, as Mr. Stevenson has done. Where a character gives vent to opinions which throw a light upon his own individuality that is a different thing, but it is surely intolerable that an author should stop the action of his story to give his own private views upon things in general. Unfortunately, our greatest authors are the worst sinners in this respect. What would be thought of a dramatist who brought his piece to a standstill, while he came in person to the footlights and discoursed upon social inequality or the nebular hypothesis? Mr. Stevenson is too true an artist to fall into this error, with the result that he never loses his hold upon his reader's attention. He has shown that a man may be terse and plain, and yet free himself from all suspicion of being shallow and superficial. No man has a more marked individuality, and yet no man effaces himself more completely when he sets himself to tell a tale.

A short estimate of his various stories, however imperfect, must be supplemented by a few general observations as to his style, and the methods which he uses to produce the subtle charm which hangs over his work. To analyze these effects seems as ruthless a business as to pull a flower to pieces to show its component parts. There is much in his work which depends upon that original innate power which is above analysis. This is aided and supplemented, however, by certain wiles of literary craftsmanship which give

the peculiar flavor and daintiness to his writings.

The use of novel and piquant forms of speech is one of the most obvious of his devices. No man handles his adjectives with greater judgment and nicer discrimination. There is hardly a page of his work where we do not come across words and expressions which strike us with a pleasant sense of novelty, and yet express the meaning with admirable conciseness. "His eyes came *coasting* round to me." "The pith went out of my legs." It is dangerous to begin quoting, as the examples are interminable, and each suggests another. Now and then he misses his mark, but it is very seldom. As an example, "an eye-shot" does not commend itself as a substitute for "a glance," and "to tee-hee" for "to giggle" grates somewhat upon the ear, though the authority of Chaucer might be cited for the expression.

Next in order is his extraordinary facility for the use of pithy similes, which arrest the attention and stimulate the imagination. "His voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock." "I saw her sway, like something stricken by the wind." "His laugh rang false, like a cracked bell." "His voice shook like a taut rope." "My mind flying like a weaver's shuttle." "His blows resounded on the grave as thick as sobs." "These private guilty considerations I would continually observe to peep forth in the man's talk like rabbits from a hill." Nothing could be more effective than these direct and homely comparisons.

Another characteristic device is the repetition in a speech of "he said," or "he continued," or "he went on," giving an intensity to the whole, riveting and re-riveting the reader's attention upon the speaker. Many examples might be quoted of this. "'He's not of this world,' *whispered my lord*. 'I have struck my sword through his vitals,' *he cried*. 'I have felt the hilt dirl on his breastbone time and again,' *he repeated*, with a gesture indescribable. 'But he was never dead for that,' *said he*. 'Why should I think he was dead now? No, not till I see him rotting,' *says he*." Or again, "'They are not yours, are they not?' *returned Raeburn*. 'Think,' *he continued*, 'of the disgrace for your respectable parents! Think, *he went on*, taking Harry by the wrist, 'Think of the colonies and the Day of Judgment!'"

Akin to this is the striking and powerful effect which he produces by the reitera-

tion of a word or phrase. "'O God!' I screamed, and 'O God!' again and again." "'Never a good hour have I gotten of you since you were born—no, never one good hour,' and repeated it again the third time." Many examples might be quoted of this mannerism, but never one where it is not effective.

After all, however, the main characteristic of Stevenson is his curious instinct for saying in the briefest space just those few words which stamp the impression upon the reader's mind. He will make you see a thing more clearly than you would probably have done had your eyes actually rested upon it. Here are a few of these word-pictures, taken haphazard from among hundreds of equal merit.

Not far off Macconochie was standing with his tongue out of his mouth, and his hand upon his chin, like a dull fellow thinking hard.

Stewart ran after us for more than a mile, and I could not help laughing as I looked back at last and saw him on a hill, holding his hand to his side, and nearly burst with running.

Ballantrae turned to me with a face all wrinkled up, and his teeth showing in his mouth. . . . He said no word, but his whole appearance was a kind of dreadful question.

Look at him, if you doubt; look at him, grinning and gulping, a detected thief.

He looked me all over with a warlike eye, and I could see the challenge on his lips.

What could be more vivid than the effect produced by such sentences as these?

There is much more that might be said as to Mr. Stevenson's peculiar and original methods in fiction. As a minor point, it might be remarked that he is the inventor of what may be called the mutilated villain. It is true that Mr. Wilkie Collins has described one gentleman who had not only been deprived of all his limbs, but was further afflicted by the unsupportable name of Miserrimus Dexter. Mr. Stevenson, however, has used the effect so often, and with such telling results, that he may be said to have made it his own. To say nothing of Hyde, who was the very impersonation of deformity, there is the horrid blind Pew, Black Dog with two fingers missing, Long John with his one leg, and the sinister catechist who is blind but shoots by ear, and smites about him with his staff. In "The Black Arrow," too, there is another dreadful creature who comes tapping along with a stick. Often as he has used the device, he handles it so artistically that it never fails to produce its effect.

In this short essay we must confine our-

selves to Mr. Stevenson's work in fiction, leaving his charming volumes of travels and essays untouched. His poems, too, might well form the subject of a separate paper. They are always good, and sometimes very good. "Ticonderoga," for example, might lay a fair claim to be the second best narrative ballad—Coleridge's masterpiece being always first—in the whole range of our literature. All this, however, we must pass. It is a trite saying that he who exhausts his subject is apt to exhaust his reader. Enough has been said, if anything needed to be said, to show that Mr. Stevenson has every claim, not only upon the contemporary popularity which he enjoys, but upon the lasting fame which springs from thorough work thoroughly done. However far from England he may travel, he still lives, and is a welcome guest at many a thousand English firesides. No living man has a better right to solace himself with that highest comfort which man can enjoy, that he has given pleasure, and has lessened pain.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

ON Monday, the 30th of September last—a solemn, still autumnal day, with red and yellow foliage tinting the landscape on every side, and with pale, shadowy vapors wreathing every rocky hilltop—I beheld for the first time a certain barren Yorkshire moor, familiar to the mind's eye of every lover of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," or "Villette." At last I was at Haworth—bleak, rude, grim Haworth; Haworth, within whose rough-hewn boundaries was lived out that strange, isolated family life, so monotonous and uneventful outwardly, so charged with passion and intensity within, which has made the hitherto unknown little village among the hills famous forevermore.

Much as railway penetration has done to open up the moorland regions of the north of England, it has effected here but little change. Upon leaving the platform of a small, primitive station we mounted the steep and narrow little street—it might have been the original of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Hill called Straight—and steeper and steeper it rose in front of us at every step; while down its centre there presently poured, with a clatter, clatter, clatter of wooden clogs, the village lads

and lasses just let loose from school, each lusty urchin clad in such a suit of brown corduroys as must have set at naught the rudest blasts of winter, to say nothing of rugged walls and gnarled branches. (N.B.—Shall I confess that straightway I bought in the open street a suit for my own little climber, and wearer, and tearer; and that only the vision of parquet floors and Persian rugs prevented a pair of the sturdy, brass-bound clogs being added to the purchase?)

"Could anybody show us the way to Mr. Brown's?" was our first inquiry, Mr. Brown being the nephew of that Martha Brown who, it may be remembered, was the "new girl" who succeeded Tabby, when Tabby's days at Haworth parsonage were numbered. A mite of four was told off to trot in front of the ladies to the neat little stationer's shop, within which stood Martha Brown's nephew, only too glad to lead the way up his little back staircase to the room wherein was laid out all he had to show pertaining to the revered family, in whose service his old relation had lived the best part of her life.

And now I must just remark that it is a mistake to suppose that the memory of the Brontës is dying out in the place which once knew them so well. Every old villager we spoke to—and these were not a few—had something to say, and usually some reminiscence to offer on the subject. The names of "Charlotte," "Emily," and "Branwell" dropped easily and familiarly from their lips; and yet there was nothing impertinent, nothing the least disrespectful, in the sound; it merely seemed as if these simple folks cherished a hallowed remembrance, with which any of the ordinary forms of speech would have been incompatible.

One nice little matron, with a chastened, subdued demeanor and a face that plainly told life had been to her no child's play, had perhaps more to tell than all the rest about the Brontës. She had seen "Mrs. Nicholls" pass into the church in her bridal attire on the wedding morn—"very plain, but Charlotte always was very plain in her dress;" and again had seen her re-enter the same churchyard gates but a few brief months later, when carried to her grave. "She was never very intimate, never at all *free-spoken* with the Haworth people." "Oh, they liked her; nobody had ever a word against her; but it was understood that she, and indeed all the family, liked best to be let alone. Charlotte would come and go. She was a very quick walker, and she would turn the cor-

ner of the parsonage lane and be down the street all in a moment; and then she would drop into the shop"—we were sitting in "the shop" as we listened—"order what she wanted, and be off home again at once, without a word more than was needed. My father," continued the narrator, "had always himself to take the cloth, or whatever it was that had been ordered, up to the parsonage, when his work was done; and he had to measure it there, and cut off the length required. No, none of them would ever have it measured and cut off in the shop; it had to be taken up in the piece to the house, and cut there. The Brontës had ways of their own, and that was one of them. They were strange people, but very much beloved. Mr. Brontë was a fine old gentleman" (with a sudden little glow of warmth), "a *very fine* old gentleman" (most emphatically); and the speaker had heard that there were some who had written about Charlotte, and made up books about her, "who had not spoken quite true about Mr. Brontë." All she could say was that "there was no one in Haworth now living who had not a good word for the old gentleman, and to see him and Mr. Nicholls together after they were left alone, and poor Mr. Brontë so helpless and blind, was just a beautiful sight—that it was." She would have discoursed till midnight, but time pressed.

We had to move on, and to hearken to others. In one quarter the pervading feeling was indignation that so much had been done, as well as left undone, in order to efface the memory of the family in the place. "There was a memorial promised," we were assured. "It was promised when the new church was built, and it was said right out *in a sermon* too; but we have never heard one word more on the subject from that day to this." My somewhat trite rejoinder that Charlotte Brontë's best memorial would be in their hearts and ours did not give full satisfaction; nor, to be sure, did I feel any in uttering it. Her *best* it might be, her *only* one it ought not to be.

To return, however, to Martha Brown's collection. It was pathetically poor and scanty, I am afraid I must confess; though I trust her very obliging and intelligent nephew, its present possessor, will never know I have said so. Marvellously little of this world's goods had those poor Brontës, and of course the better portion of these—such as they were—were not here. Their oak cradle I had seen in another part of Yorkshire that very morning, and Charlotte's doll's tea-set I treasure

among my own valuables.* A few gold hair rings of enormous size, such as could only have been worn by the venerable patriarch on his forefinger, a fob-seal, and some Paisley shawls—none of which could with any certainty be traced as the property of any one nearer than *an aunt*—had also been shown me in the little nook where the cradle was installed. All of these had been sold, on the passing of Haworth living into other hands. They had not been bequeathed either to friends or relatives. Martha Brown, however, had been given the relics which were now shown us; they were laid out in a small glass case, and consisted of a green purse of netted silk, a thimble-case of enamelled copper, and a few more such odds and ends. There were also some shawls (presumably belonging to the above-mentioned aunt, for I am positive Charlotte never draped herself in anything so gorgeous), and a number of elementary pencil drawings of eyes, noses, and other interesting features, such as might be supposed to have been labored through by reluctant and unskilful schoolgirl fingers. As far as I can judge, none of the Brontës had the slightest real talent for drawing. The oil-painting of the spaniel which has the place of honor over the mantelpiece in Mr. Brown's little upper chamber is simply ludicrous from its badness.

One or two really interesting objects were, however, lying on the centre table. These were Charlotte's own time-worn copies of the *Quarterly* for December, 1848, and other periodicals of a like date, in which were inserted those miserable criticisms which were meant to crush the author of "Jane Eyre." How often, we reflected, had her brow been bent over those cruel pages? We know they made her heart bleed, and that for the moment she fancied she read in them her doom. Strangely, strangely do they read now.

But perhaps I have undervalued the relics which Mr. Brown offered recently to the museum at Keighley, and for which the custodians would not pay the price required. Keighley—pronounced Keathley—is only a short distance from Haworth, and it had been thought the good folks there would jump at the offer. They did not, as we know; and somehow I agreed with them, though my reason for so doing sprang from a cause they little guessed. Briefly, the friend who accompanied me to Haworth has in her own

* It is of old Leeds ware, ornamented by little pictures of the principal features of the surrounding country.

possession treasures far more precious and interesting than any Martha Brown had to bequeath, and these were given her by the original of "Rochester" and "Paul Emmanuel" himself. "Paul Emmanuel" is still alive, and but recently delivered up, among other curiosities, a number of essays composed both by Charlotte and Emily Brontë while under his charge at Brussels, and corrected and emended by him as their master. These essays are upon no account to get into print, and it is easy to discern why. Although Charlotte's letters to her preceptor are, it is feared, by this time destroyed, no letter could breathe more transparently and more unconsciously the emotions by which that proud yet tender spirit was torn in twain, than does one of the short papers which I saw the other day at Ilkley. The elaborate epistle in which Monsieur Héger detailed his reasons for turning a deaf ear to all petitions on the subject was not required by me, after one brief perusal of the little essay. The refusal breathes a high and chivalrous tone, and with the motive one can find no fault; but, apart from publicity, it is sad to think that neither letters nor essays were treasured for their own sakes by the Brussels school-master. It almost makes one's blood boil to think of that warm, imaginative, hungry and thirsty girlish heart, beating against its bars, underrated and misunderstood by the sprightly, amiable, but withal undiscerning and self-opinionated man who was its ideal.

Holding the faded manuscripts in my hand, a tremor thrilled through my veins. How, when, and with what feelings had they been written? The penmanship is daintily fine, small, and clear. They are in French, of course, and are finished off with feminine neatness and precision; the exquisite signature "C. Brontë" being traced with the utmost delicacy in the upper left-hand corner, instead of being appended to the final words. They are full of subtle touches, and deep, impassioned utterances. It must be added that the subjects handled were such as admitted of these; and on such subjects could the author of "Villette" be bald or cold?

But Monsieur Héger, calmly correcting and emending, understood nothing — still understands nothing of what lay beneath the surface. Even now, even after a lapse of over forty years, when the fame of Charlotte Brontë has echoed to the very ends of the earth, the two who should have been so proud of her, should have deemed them-

selves so much exalted by her, are simply at a loss to account for such an extraordinary and inexplicable state of affairs. The venerable pair — for both the late master and mistress of the celebrated school are living — have now retired to "dwell among their own people;" they live in a small world of their own, tenderly cherished by sons and daughters, who are themselves grandfathers and grandmothers, several of whom have, moreover, achieved distinction in various walks in life. No aged parents are more devotedly revered, or more dutifully waited upon, than they; and but for his little "kink" — if I may use an old Scotch word — about Charlotte Brontë, I should say that, in talent, sense, and acumen, they seldom meet their equals. But regarding "Jane Eyre" and its sister products *Monsieur* and *Madame Héger* purse their lips. They do not care to talk about them, nor their author. She was, in their eyes, only a shy, impulsive, affectionate, but somewhat over-sensitive and impressionable, young nursery governess, who learned nearly everything she knew while under their charge, and who should not have gone home and written tales about her good friends at Brussels.

Much better, infinitely better, would it have been if Charlotte had pursued her vocation as a teacher of youth — that vocation for which she came to them to be perfected — than have so misused her time and talents. As for recalling any little traits of character, any little sayings or doings, any grave or gay idiosyncrasies — why, Charlotte Brontë was only a pupil among pupils, and, moreover, a pupil too reserved, too undemonstrative, too morbidly ungenial to have been either attractive as a child or charming as a woman.

I have seen the portraits of Monsieur and Madame Héger. They represent two such faces as one seldom sees; but of the two I prefer that of the wife. It is that of a calm, judicial, restful nature, capable of infinite patience and of strong endurance; but it is easy to conceive that with just such a nature Charlotte Brontë had nothing in common. In consequence, but scant justice is done to "Madame Beck" at her hands. Doubtless each mistook the other; and while Madame wondered and sighed over the petulant outbursts of the incomprehensible English girl, Madame's own quieter, more gentle spirit, her toleration, forbearance, self-control and outward imperturbability, would in its turn be almost intolerable to one of Charlotte's temperament.

But Monsieur Héger is a figure of more

general interest, therefore one word more regarding him. He is a bright, vain, handsome octogenarian, charming and delighting to charm, eager to talk, and as eager for an audience, as exacting of homage and subservience as in the days when schoolgirls trembled at his glance. Imagine him fifty years ago, and you can hardly go wrong in imagining a very fascinating personage; then recollect that fifty years ago or thereabouts the little Yorkshire nursery-governess took her first flight to Brussels, and there beheld "Paul Emmanuel" — *et voilà tout!*

Haworth Church has been so much altered and "improved" under the auspices of its present vicar that nearly every vestige of interest or romance has been "improved" off the face of it. An ordinary marble slab in the wall records that the different members of the Brontë family repose in a vault at the other end of the building, and over the vault itself a small brass plate has the names of Charlotte and Emily Brontë engraven upon its face.

We had thought this had been all, when the deaf old sexton, who had been in vain endeavoring to elicit our admiration for a reredos presented by the vicar's wife (which, to my mind, made but poor amends for all her husband had swept away) — when the old fellow suddenly exclaimed, "Well, there's the window!"

"The window! What window?"

Without waste of words, he jogged down a side aisle, and called a halt in front of a very handsome, small, stained-glass window, bearing this inscription: "In pleasant memory of Charlotte Brontë," put up by — whom do you think? *An American citizen!* There was no name, no indication given whereby the plain American citizen might be identified; and it has actually been left to this unknown, noble-minded denizen of another country to erect the only spontaneous memorial which has so far been granted to the memory of one of England's greatest female novelists!

Haworth churchyard is full of grey, weather-beaten tablets, above which the storm-tossed alders sigh, and amongst which the leaves were dropping as we stood. Behind lies the open moor, not purple and heathery, but covered with short-cropped, starved-looking grass, occasionally intersected by the stone walls of the district. The nearest of these enclosures, lying at the back of the church and parsonage, would doubtless be the playground of the poor little motherless Brontës when first that sombre parsonage

became their home. Through it, when older grown, they would ramble forth on solitary walks and thoughts intent. (Emily, we know, was an especial lover of such expeditions, and this field path would be her only outlet.) Roads are few in the vicinity, and her only alternative would be that which traverses the main street of the village. We can hardly picture her making it her choice.

Leaving the little field, we passed the parsonage, whose rows of brand-new windows offered but little association with Tabby and her crew, and, without attempting to invade a quarter in which we had been assured we should meet with but little sympathy, we stood once more at the church gates, where also faced us, at a right angle, the open doorway of the Black Bull Inn.

The Black Bull Inn is still Brontë to the core. A kindly welcome was there for us, and true Yorkshire hospitality, more especially when the honored name became our passport. Would we have our luncheon in Branwell Brontë's little back parlor? It would be ready in a few minutes, and meantime — and meantime? We were only too glad to hearken to anything and everything the good soul who preceded us had to tell. So this was poor young Brontë's favorite resort?

"That was his chair," she said simply, and pointed to a tall, old Chippendale armchair, with a quaintly carved "fiddle" back, and square seat, set edgewise. "That was his chair, and in that corner it always stood. You see it is a nice corner, between the fireplace and the window; and there he used to sit, and sit" (alas, poor Branwell!) "and when he had been sitting longer than maybe he should have been, Charlotte would be heard out at the door there" (pointing along the dark, stone passage to the front entrance), "asking after him, an' if he were in the parlor? And he would hear her voice, and he would up wi' this window, and be out of it like a flash of lightning." (It was a broad, low casement, opening upon an inn yard, whose jutting stone walls were well fitted for concealment.) "So that when Charlotte came in to look for him," continued our narrator, "she would see nowt, d'ye see? And our folks they would know nowt, i' course. But Branwell, he were round the corner, down i' the yard yonder; and as soon as she were gone, he jumps through the window again — you can open it easily from the outside — an' back to his chair, an' she never the wiser. It would be dark too, maybe."

As the quiet words fell upon our ears the bygone scene stole upon our vision.

We could hear the roar of the wind, and the sharp snap of the hailstones on the panes, as the winter night set in, coarse and wild, without. We could see the snugness, the warmth, the comfort within.

Thus, the temptation.

Then, the loving, anxious voice upon its quest.

Then, the stratagem.

Far, far too near to the bare, unkindly walls of the poor parsonage had been that seductive doorway. It had never been out of reach, not even on the rudest night. It had never been out of the hapless boy's path.

And the low-roofed, well-built, cosy dwelling had never been dull nor desolate, never aught but tempting and alluring. Instinctively his steps had turned its way. But for it the world of mind might have been the richer.

As we gazed, a silence fell upon the little room. It had been the haunt of genius, even though — sorrowful thought! — genius had passed that way to ruin.

What had Hawthorne to show after this?

L. B. WALFORD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MOUND BY YELLOW CREEK.

ODDLY enough, a live sheep has never been seen on Leg o' Mutton Prairie; wool-growing is out of the question; and against the meat of the animal the natives entertain a singular prejudice, in common with many other Americans. Most people know something of the tyranny of the imagination, as illustrated by the figures that will not fade, the faces that will not pass, from ceiling, wall, and drapery. The same tyranny compels us to see a lion and a lamb at Grasmere, and an elephant's head from the Crawford House in the White Mountains. Leg o' Mutton Prairie, without its name would resemble a leg of mutton only in the eyes of men who were more familiar with the carcasses of wolves and bears than of sheep. But with the name there goes the subtle virtue of the imagination, which, for the beholder, impresses upon the beautiful plain once and forever the shape and image of its name. I shall never forget my first view of Leg o' Mutton Prairie; surrounded by a dark forest, it lay in the sunshine like a radiant lake, full of all manner of strangely beautiful lights and colors, and the softest

witcheries of shadow and sound. For five or six days I had been wending my way, on horseback and on foot, through an interminable stretch of backwoods. Shut out from the free air, and with only an occasional glimpse of the blue sky beyond the trees, one began to have curious sensations, as of living in some strange under-world of dim lights and sad sounds. Thrice I came upon a hunter's lonely cabin; one contained a solitary woman. She was young, almost handsome, and was playing a violin, because, as she said, she was very "lone," her husband having gone to the mill thirty miles off, and would not be back for several days. It seemed an act of charity to remain over night with her. In another case there was a family of eleven children in one small cabin, ranging in years from seventeen to five. These people of the under-world were all tall and pale, with curiously bright eyes. Once I had to make a *détour* of some miles to escape a swamp, which no horse could cross, and was only open to man by crossing the innumerable beaver dams; it was, moreover, a veritable bear camp. I shot two raccoons, a wolf, two deer, and a wild turkey. I wanted a bear, but it was summer, and in summer bears are lean, and travel fast, and keep their distance; in winter they are fat with hickory nuts and different kinds of mast, short of breath, and lazy, — this is the hunter's harvest time. But though they kept to their thickets by day, and refused to come out and be shot at, I frequently saw traces of them, where they had wallowed in the long grass, or where, with the strength of three or four men, they had turned over fallen decayed trees, in search of small ground life, such as worms and beetles. About sundown I used to tether, feed, and rub down my most intelligent, sagacious, and affectionate horse, who was my only companion on this and other lonely journeys, and who lacked little save the power of speech that is desirable in a fellow-traveller. Then, the evenings being chilly, I lighted a fire, made a capital supper out of corn-bread, a collop of smoky venison, and some hot coffee, flavored with condensed milk of the Eagle brand. Then followed the sweet solace of a pipe, during the smoking of which the sun fell below the horizon, and, as by magic, the fire at my feet grew suddenly glorious with ruddy life and beauty and kindest friendship, as thick darkness rose swiftly from its lair, and perfect silence reigned in the vast woodland. I spread my bear-skin, wrapped my blanket around me, lay down,

and fell asleep, thinking of old England and the dear ones afar off.

Was I nervous? I can only say that I generally slept soundly till sunrise. Nevertheless, a week of that kind of life is, to my thinking, enough at a time. And a week is just about long enough to initiate one into sundry moods and states of consciousness that elucidate some of the conditions of primitive belief. The birds, which rarely came below but kept among the upper branches of the lofty trees, began to have a singular fascination for me; their song was divine, so was their exquisite freedom up there in the light. I had too much—or too little—imagination to think that the tops of the trees were against the sky; but as regards the birds, I have often wondered how many days' journey was I from the standpoint of my Teutonic ancestor, who, from the foot of his tall trees, beheld in birds creatures of celestial origin and nature. Solitude is kindly to superstition. And I do not remember ever coming across trapper or hunter who did not possess a strong vein of superstition, together with a vigorous crop of small beliefs that were altogether personal, original, sometimes wild, and sometimes quaint and pretty. And the time came when I began to realize that the seeds of like things, thickly strewn, were evidently imbedded in my own nature, and were showing signs of availing themselves of conditions, however temporary, that were favorable to their growth. From all of which, and somewhat more, I have been often tempted to frame an inference that civilization at its best, like beauty, is about skin deep,—not forgetting, however, that the skin of the man is a most exquisite and sensitive part of his nature; and that the civilization of some peoples, who make of it a boast, really stands to them more in the relation of a suit of ill-fitting clothes than of a skin whole, elaborate, and quick. The primeval mood, I remember, was strong upon me—strong as the balsamic piquancy of the pines was in my nostrils—when of a sudden there lay before me a long, widening strip of grass land, like a wedge driven into the forest. At first it was not wider than a cart-track, but it claved the forest clean, and held its own, gathering width with length, pressing farther and farther apart the dark sides of the woodland, until, at the distance of a thousand yards, they seemed to take the initiative in retreat, and rolled back of their own free will into the long horizon. As a river of soft delicious green light,

appeared that wedge of wood-dividing meadow-land to my eyes. I followed it for a little over two miles before I reached a piece of rising ground; then I knew that at last I had reached Leg o' Mutton Prairie. Behind me was the shank, which I had traversed from trotter to just below the region of the pope's eye; in front was the rich and succulent land of the fillet. The little forest-ringed prairie was five and a half miles in length, and its greatest breadth three miles. One half of it seemed devoted to grass, the rest was arable, on which were splendid ripening crops of barley, wheat, and Indian corn. In the middle of the plain was a lake, some three hundred acres in extent, which gleamed in the sunshine like a great silver shield. On the western margin of the lake sat a small village of wooden houses painted white, with wide verandahs, green shutters, and seemingly half buried beneath the flowers and foliage of innumerable vines. But the centre-piece and chief figure in this bit of idyllic nature was a small island in the middle of the lake, on which stood a large, low-built house with numerous outbuildings. On east and north there was a heavy growth of timber, while to the south and west were lawns, gardens, and ornamental grounds, which, at a distance, appeared to be divided from each other by green hedges, flanked on both sides with great banks of flowers, that stood out in brilliant masses of superb color. After the dim light and vault-like imprisonment of the backwoods, I confess I was strangely moved by the natural picture that was outspread before me. Of course there was not really much in it—this world, perhaps, does not hold many things in which there is really much. Still there was something in it, and it struck for all it was worth upon my sensitized imagination, with the result that Leg o' Mutton Prairie is to this hour the one rare memory of them all,—as it were, a dream of Paradise.

The prospect was so pleasing, and the sun was so hot, that I dismounted, throwing the bridle-rein upon the ground, which was the same as telling my horse in English that he was free to graze, but was not to stray more than a few yards from my side. I lighted my pipe, and sat within the shadow of a large black-walnut tree, with my back against the trunk; within a couple of feet to my right, the ground sloped steeply to the grassy prairie below; to my left was a small belt of tall hickories, which grew in the midst of a dense clump of bushes. I had been smoking perhaps

ten minutes, when suddenly I heard my horse give a snort of alarm. I looked to my left and beheld him quivering with terror, close to the thick undergrowth. Wondering what had startled him so, I was on the point of springing up, when I caught sight of something, just inside the bushes right in front of me, that brought my heart, as the saying is, into my mouth. What I saw were two bright eyes and a nose prominent, mobile, black, shining. Dangerous symptoms these of bear. Keeping my glance riveted on those two gleaming eyes, and not daring to move my body, I felt with my left hand for my rifle, which was luckily lying within reach, and brought it carefully across my knees. I kept my pipe in my mouth, for the simple reason that I was afraid to lift my hand to remove it. Slowly, and with the least possible movement, I got the rifle in both hands, and then, without moving my legs, I twisted my body half round. I hesitated for one dreadful moment, and then, quick as lightning, up went my gun and — out rushed the bear. The eye is quicker than the hand. I saw his shining flank clear of the bushes before I could touch the trigger. Crack — crack — a huge black mass almost upon me. I am rolling, self-flung, down the steep slope like a barrel, yet consciously guarding my precious pipe, — a glance upward from the long grass below, and a vision of the bear lying with his head on the top of the slope — dead. That was all there was to it. He measured close upon five feet in length, weighed three hundred and ninety-six pounds, and my feet are upon his skin as I write this. I suppose every dream of Paradise contains serpent or bear, and of the two I prefer the latter. My object in visiting Leg o' Mutton Prairie was partly that of sport, partly of exploration, and partly, and perhaps chiefly, that of friendship. Two years earlier I had met and formed the acquaintance of a man named Donald Phimister, while in the Adirondacks; we had subsequently met for a second time in New York city. Phimister was a man of about sixty, an old-time Scotsman, iron-grey all over, in hair, in complexion, and in clothes. He had a shaggy look, a strangely wrinkled face, grey eyes full of humor, and a rich, full brogue of which he was proud. His life had been one long romance of adventure and vicissitude; he had been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything. He had been a sailor, a gold-miner, a sheep-farmer, a cow-boy, an orange-grower, a boot-black, a hackman, a dry-goodsman, a

lumber-dealer, a grain-speculator, a journalist, and — strangest of all, considering his brogue — for eighteen months he hung out his shingle in a far western town as a "Professor of foreign languages," said languages being, as he assured me with a twinkle in his eyes, French and English! He had made three fortunes and lost them. How he stood at the present time in his financial affairs, I did not know, though I thought I had gathered that he was in a small way prosperous. But it was a matter about which I thought little, and cared less. Donald Phimister was not a man to be measured by his dollars; his value was a thing quite apart. Somehow, his personality, like his speech, had a fine, rich brogue all its own. He was intelligent, well-mannered, shrewd, gentle, witty, quiet, generous, frank, a bit cynical, a trifle sceptical, a profoundly religious man, a wee bit odd, yet full of strong attraction. No list of qualities, mental and moral, could exhaust or express the man. It was not what he had, it was how he had it. There was a quaint, sweet, familiar originality about the man that endowed him, as it were, with a rare vital perfume that assailed one's soul, and took it captive. He had said, when last we parted, "The next time ye come west, if ye are within a thousand miles of Leg o' Mutton Prairie, I shall look to see ye at my house. Put up for six months, and kill as many bears, and open up as many Indian mounds, as ye like; only come, and that at your earliest." And now I had come, and I had come five hundred miles out of my way to see him. He knew that I was approaching, but how or when I should arrive he knew not.

I made my way to the village, — carrying with me the bear's ears in token of ownership, — and was casting about for some sign of an inn, when my eyes caught sight of this legend, painted in large white letters on a black ground, "Donald Phimister: Groceries and Dry Goods." So my friend, it seemed, was a grocer and dry-goodsman, with sugars on one side of the store and calicoes on the other, in true Western style. I think I felt a bit sorry that it was so; but I called to mind the image of the man, and told myself that it did not matter to me a red cent what his business was. Just as I reached the store, a young man came out and deposited a roll of carpet on the wooden sidewalk. "Is Mr. Phimister within?" I enquired. The young man stuck a toothpick in his mouth, and took a long, steady look at me and my horse, before he said, "Guess you

don't belong to these parts, stranger, from the look of you." I assented. "Britisher, ain't you?" Again I assented. "Come on business?" Once more I assented. "What may yer line be—dry goods?" "No, wet." "Wet?" "Yes, wet. They are having a boom just now on the Eastern markets. Dry goods are nowhere beside them," I answered gravely. "Darned if I can catch on. Give it up, stranger: never heered of the articles before." "All right; I don't object, my friend. But, say, is Mr. Phimister within?" "No, he ain't. I guess the boss is at home." "And where is that, pray?" The young man turned, and pointing down the short street towards the lake said, "Do you see that young lady there in white, going towards the water?" "With a crimson sunshade?" "Yes, that's her. Just follow after her, and she'll take you right to Donald Phimister's. But, mister, I ain't at all clear yet about them wet goods," I heard him say, as I cantered off after the lady in white. She was lost to view almost as soon as I started, and when I reached the end of the street, I was just in time to see her give her first stroke, as she was seated in a small light canoe on the lake. I galloped after her, waving my hand; when she saw me, she turned her boat round and came back. "I was told that if I followed you, you would lead me to Mr. Donald Phimister's. But I don't quite see how I can do it on horseback," I said, as she came gliding up to the pretty little landing-stage. "No, sir, I guess it's too far to swim. Are you the 'colonel'?" she asked, with just the faintest of blushes overspreading her pure, colorless face. She was a pretty girl, cultivated and ladylike. "Yes, I am,—at least Mr. Phimister always calls me such; though, of course, I have no right to any such title." "Oh, that doesn't matter. I am so glad you have come, and won't uncle be glad! Here, Rob Mackenzie, take this gentleman's horse to the stable, and look after it well," she called out, with an air of pretty command. A sandy-haired young Scotsman came forward from a group of onlookers, and took my horse. "Have you any baggage, sir?" she enquired. "Yes, lots of it, but it is in St. Louis." "Ah, then it can't come across to-day, as it is a good thousand miles off." "You see, I have been in the woods nearly a week, and I had to reduce my traps to the smallest compass. They are all there," I said, pointing to one or two ingeniously packed bundles back and front of the saddle. "Bring everything across at once,

Rob. You had better take the gentleman's rifle, too." "I forgot to say that I left some of my baggage about a mile from here, on a hillock yonder. It is in the form of a dead bear, which I wish you would look after for me," I observed to Rob, as I handed him my rifle. "On Hickory Mound? Ye dinna say ye've gone and shot the big bar-r, sir?" exclaimed Rob, in a tone, as I thought, of some disgust. "I'm afraid I have. Was he one of the pets round here?" I asked. "You bet, sir. He was worth three hundred dollars of any man's money. He's been one too many for all of us. No end o' money has been won and lost on that varmint dooring th' last five year. I'd very weel like to hear how ye did it, sir." "Rob, get about your business, and don't keep the gentleman standing here all day," came in sweet tones of authority from the boat. "Some other time," I said to comfort him, as I turned away and entered the canoe. Of course, I volunteered to do the pulling, but my lady of the lake only smiled and shook her head. When I offered to steer, she shook her head again, and laughed right out. At another time I should have thought her laughter was melodious. "You row first-rate, but that is no reason why you should tire yourself,—I really shouldn't upset you," I answered, for her merry laugh was equal to a good many words. "I guess you would, sir, in two minutes. This is a very curious piece of water, and dangerous for strangers. It is very deep in most places, and full of treacherous rocks. Look here." I bent over to the left, and there, a few inches from the surface, was a long, sharp blade of rock. The girl gave two or three swift strokes, then she said, "Now look here." I bent over to the right, and under my eyes was a series of six or seven teeth of ugly rock. "It is so half the way across," she remarked, as she settled to work, and sent the skiff rushing through the water in grand style. After that I sat thinking, holding my breath, wondering at her skill and nerve. The old Indian pilot at the La Chine rapids was a duffer compared with her. Presently my attention was drawn to the waving of what looked like a small flag, by some one on the top of a lofty, tower-like structure on the island. "Ah, that's uncle," exclaimed the girl. "He is signalling to me from the observatory." Thereupon she ceased rowing, and, pulling from her pocket a couple of handkerchiefs, one red and the other white, she began to flag-signal in a rapid manner. In a little while she said, with a pretty laugh, "There, he

knows all about you now. I am to tell you that you are as welcome as a king. I guess he has set the telephones at work by this." The words were scarcely off her tongue, when suddenly the quiet air was rent with the loud blooming of three cannons that were discharged in quick succession. "They have been loaded for a week, awaiting your arrival," laughed the girl, enjoying my astonishment, which was not unmixed with alarm. "It is very kind of your uncle, but —" Up went the lady's finger, and, at the same moment, there came a crash of melodious sound that almost brought the tears to my eyes. It was nothing less than the pealing of sweet-toned bells that might, for all the world, have been swinging in the old tower of some English village church. Ding, dong, dell! Ding, dong, dell! Ah me, how the dear, familiar sound did creep into the secret places of my soul, and shake it! Said the girl softly, "That was my idea. I thought that maybe it would remind you of home, sir." Ten minutes later, I stepped ashore, and the grey man, Donald Phimister, grocer and dry-goodsman, had my hand in both of his. "Ay, but ye are welcome, colonel, ye are welcome to my heart and home, and God bless ye!" And the bells, the heart-shaking bells, were still pealing! Somehow, the memory of my coming to Leg o' Mutton Island has to this day subtle elements of pathos, piety, friendship, and romance, such as lend to it the peculiar distinction of rarity and richness.

The size of the island was some sixty acres, of which twenty consisted of beautiful gardens in perfect order, while another forty acres were devoted to park land. And a prettier park in miniature could not be found in all England; there were a score of trees in it of immense size, hale and vigorous, and the youngest of them had watched the coming and the going of five hundred summers. There were about a dozen cottages for gardeners, an observatory, a church of Gothic design, and a parsonage; other buildings there were none save the "Mansion," as it was not inappropriately called. This was a large wooden house of no particular order of architecture, but beautifully proportioned and of most imposing appearance. On all four sides was a broad and lofty verandah, fifteen feet wide, supported at equal distances by Corinthian columns exquisitely carved. And the inside of the house was in keeping with the outside. I dined that evening in a room that was fit for a king's banqueting-room. There was still a mag-

nificent glow in the west when, dinner over, I followed Phimister on to the verandah, where coffee, cognac, and pipes were brought to us. We had been smoking and chatting for some little while, when I saw in the garden below us the lady of the lake, in company with a tall, handsome fellow who looked the gentleman all over. "Who is that with your niece, may I ask?" "Oh, that is Mompesson, our parson. He and Dorothy get on very well together. What do you think of him?" said my host. "I should have taken him for an Englishman, and a gentleman to boot." "Ye would, eh? Well, he is both of them to a certainty. He's very popular with the boys too; short sermons, but full of sound sense and pure eloquence. He fills his church." "You don't mean the one on the island?" "Why, of course I do. It's the only one there is within a hundred and twenty miles." "Well, but the lake — isn't it dangerous crossing?" "For strangers and fools mighty dangerous, but we all know the channels round here. Anyway, we have had no accidents on Sundays in my time. I must make you acquainted with Mompesson. You will like him, and he is a fellow with a bit of a history." There was that in Phimister's tone which seemed to say: Ask me what it is, and I will tell you. Of course I asked him. "I don't know that I mind telling ye, colonel. He is an Oxford man, an ordained priest of the Church of England, a second cousin to the Earl of —, and his real name is —. Mompesson is only one of his Christian names." "Is that all?" I asked, my nimble curiosity sinking into dull disappointment. "No, not quite. Six years ago, one night in New York city, I picked him up ragged and tattered, famished and dead drunk in a gutter in the Bowery." "Indeed. An interesting condition for a parson to be found in. Was he given to that kind of thing?" "In a way, he was. Drink had ruined him, and when I found him he was about as low down as possible. You see what sort of a fellow he is now. A better man isn't to be found in all the States and Territories of the Union." "And do the people here know his history?" "Everything except his real name, and his cousinship to the earl. But they didn't at first; I wouldn't let him say a word about it. It came out in this way: About eighteen months after his settlement here, there came to Leg o' Mutton Prairie a young Englishman. He was hard up, and I took him on. On the first Sunday he didn't come over to church, but on the next he

did, and on the following Monday, he comes to me with a long face, and says, 'Mr. Phimister, I've got something very serious to tell you. Your clergyman is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Thirty months back I knew him in New York as a common drunkard.' Just then I happened to look out, and saw Mompesson coming to the house. I went out and received him in another room. With a white face he said abruptly, 'What I dreaded has happened. I have been recognized, and I am no longer of any use here.' 'Who has recognized you?' I enquired. 'There is nobody fresh about except young Bob Stanley.' 'But Robert Stanley knows me only too well. We slept in the same bed for two months in a low lodging-house.' 'Well, what if you did? He is not likely to chatter about it. Have you ever wronged him in any way?' I enquired. He answered, 'No. I pawned my only shirt and my only waistcoat to get him a meal with, when he was famished. One morning he got up before I was awake, and walked off with my boots. And from that time till last Sunday I never put eyes on him. In church I caught his eye, and he grinned wickedly. How I got through the service, Heaven only knows.' I made him promise to stay dinner with me and talk the matter over, and then I returned to Mr. Bob Stanley. I asked him what was to be done in the matter, and he said it was monstrous to allow a man like that to enter the pulpit. When I pointed to his obvious reformation, Mr. Bob sneered, and wound up by saying that he should feel it to be his bounden duty to let everybody he came across know the truth. My blood began to tingle, but I kept calm as I said, 'But he pawned his only shirt and his only waistcoat to get you a meal, didn't he?' At this he flushed and coughed, and finally said, 'That is no reason why a hypocrite and an impostor should be allowed to disgrace the cloth.' 'Any way, young man, he never stole your boots and marched off with them, did he?' I said quietly. For a moment he turned quite white, then his face flushed, and with an oath he cried, 'The skunk! I can do him more damage than he can me. And I will, too, by G—!' This was more than I could well stand, so I pulled the bell and sent for four of my gardeners. When they came in, I said to them, 'This is Mr. Bob Stanley. He came here hard up, as you know, and I took him on. But he is a mean cuss, and means badly. Take him across to the mainland, put him on a mule,

give him ten dollars and a week's keep, and ride him fifty miles out of Leg o' Mut-ton Prairie. If he shows his face here again, put him in the public stocks, and send for me. And if he says a word against me or the parson or Miss Dorothy, strip him and give him twenty strokes with a bit of rawhide for the first slander, and twenty for the second, and twenty for the third, and so on till he holds up or dies. Now off with him.' Did I do right, colonel, ay or nay?" "On the whole, I think you did quite right," I answered. Phimister smoked a while in silence, then he said, "The next Sunday, without giving me a hint of what he was going to do, Mompesson got up into the pulpit, and just made a clean breast of the whole thing to the boys. Lord, colonel, to my dying day I shall never forget it. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he told his sad tale, and the women all cried and sobbed, and the boys kept wiping their eyes with the backs of their hands, and snuffing up their noses like a pack of snivellers. And oddly enough, colonel, d'ye know that outburst of snivelling sympathy worked wonders among the boys. It was just like a Methodist revival; it seemed to convert a lot of them, and did everybody good. Since then, Mompesson is boss here. They almost worship him."

It was some time later in the evening when, pointing to a large building with a cupola that stood prominent in the little town on the border of the lake, I enquired what it was. Said Phimister, "Oh, that's a very important building, colonel. I built it five years ago. It is the town hall, law court, public library, post-office, and bank all in one." "You are in the building line as well as groceries and dry goods, then, are you?" "Oh yes. Besides that, I am a justice of the peace, postmaster, banker, chairman of the board of selectmen, lumber merchant, and a farmer to boot." "Then I don't wonder you have retired to this lovely island, in despair of fulfilling one-half of your duties." He eyed me keenly for a moment or two, and then he laughed softly. "It is a pretty place, dinna ye think?" "Pretty is no word for it. It is loveliness itself." "And the house, colonel—ye don't mind me asking ye, I know,—it is well built, well furnished—in good taste, colonel?" There was something almost touching in his eager yet apologetic tone. "As for the house, Mompesson's cousin, the Earl of —, has got a couple of fine country seats that I know of, but your

place is worth both of his put together." A smile of exquisite content played upon Phimister's face, and his grey eyes twinkled brightly. "Then if Dorothy — she is all I have in this world of blood kindred — if my niece Dorothy should ever marry a man whose second cousin was an English earl, and the earl should come shooting again, as he did two years ago, within two hundred miles of here, and he should get an invitation to come and see them — and he'll not find them poor, though he may have an earl's notion of wealth — ye thick honestly my place will not disgrace him, or them, or myself — eh, colonel?" "No; it is fit for a duke to live in. But does the wind blow that way, then?" "Maybe it does. I should like to live to see poor Mompesson reconciled to his friends. He is a right down noble fellow." "He is a lucky dog, anyway," "He is if he wins Dorothy," answered Phimister proudly. "But what will his lordship think of the groceries and dry goods?" "What I ken ye did, colonel — meanly. But, if need be, I can paint that out in ten minutes." "Yes, paint is cheap enough." "Colonel, ye're inclined to be cynical, which is a bad habit. If ye will bite, I must bark. Ye see this island and all that is on it; ye see yonder town, every shop and store and house and building in it; ye see this beautiful prairie five and a half miles long by three broad, its rich crops and pastures and great herds of cattle; and the mighty forest of fine timber that encircles it all? Well, every stick and stone and drop of the lot belongs to Donald Phimister!" Well, of course, I opened my eyes in astonishment. "Dinna ye think now, colonel, that I can afford the paint wherewith to paint out the groceries and dry goods?" "Well, I don't quite know. I think, however, if I were you, I would put the paint to a better use; I would simply paint a new sign, and every letter in groceries and dry goods should be a yard long." When our laughter had died away, said Phimister: "It is getting chilly. Let us go in, colonel, and have a glass of toddy and a talk about the old country. And I mind me, ye were hot on Indian mounds when I last saw ye. Come in and we will discuss it all." So we went indoors, and followed the programme strictly — to wit, toddy, the old country, and Indian mounds.

On the morning of the second day after my arrival, we started on our first mound-exploring expedition. The sun was just rising above the backwoods as we landed on the mainland, where we found a demo-

crat,* with four horses awaiting us. The party consisted of Phimister, Miss Dorothy, Mompesson, myself, and a certain jovial young doctor who had studied in New York, Edinburgh, and Paris. This gentleman later in the day informed me quietly and gravely that his name — which was Killem — had decided for him his avocation; and he added, with a touch of sardonic humor, that he was "getting on" first-rate. Phimister took the ribbons, and away we went at a spanking rate. We had three miles only of osage orange hedges, Indian cornfields, and rich grass land; then we entered the pungent pine woods, and I soon understood why we had been turned out with such a lordly team of four beautiful horses. Sometimes axle-deep in mud, we floundered on through bog and swamp, the horses going at a jumping gallop, their bodies gleaming with sweat and clotted all over with white patches of foam. Five miles of this brutal collar-work, and then the ground rose gently, and we found ourselves rolling softly and deliciously over a smooth carpet of grass that deadened all sound, eased every jolt, and was a balsam for aching bones and a sedative for strained nerves. Two short miles across this lovely little prairie on which there was no billock or dimple, no stone or root, no tree or shrub, no leaf, nut, or needle, — nothing but a rich covering of velvet verdure; and then the pines closed in again, and the dim lights of the mighty woodland were upon us. In a small clearing, with only narrow slits of sky visible through the tops of the tall trees fifty feet overhead, stood the smoky log cabin of a backwoodsman. In front of the cabin stood a perfect scarecrow of a horse, and astride the horse was its owner, Long Dick. He wore no coat or vest, and as his trousers ended three or four inches from the top of his boots, we could see that he had no stockings; he rode bareback, and his legs hung down within a foot of the ground. A long, lean, wrinkled, cadaverous piece of sallow and solitary humanity. His dark eyes were bright, and his mummy-like countenance had indisputably a look of keen intelligence, though how it came there, and in what mysterious lines it was expressed, I was totally unable to discover. When it is added that his leather pants were yellow, his flannel shirt a dingy red, his black hair long and curling upon his shoulder, and his battered billycock without a rim was stuck jauntily on his head, — it

* A Western vehicle.

will easily be believed that there was a touch of the picturesque about Long Dick. "I heard yer comin' when yer rose out o' th' swamp, an' I'm mounted, yer see," was his only answer to Phimister's salutation. "You mean to say you heard us coming over the grass three miles off? That is too thin, Dick." "Too thin, eh, boss? Wal, I only know this: if me ears couldna do so much, I'd cut 'em off, so help me!" And with a look of great disgust, Long Dick steered his horse round and rode gravely off under the trees, giving us to understand by an indifferent wave of his arm that, if we cared to, we might follow him.

Seeing that he was our guide to a certain mound we were after, we followed him, but at a respectable distance, since our horses seemed a little shy at the strange figure made by Long Dick and his scarecrow animal. In about forty minutes we came to a lovely bit of natural clearing, along one side of which ran a large stream, between high banks of yellow clay, from which the water gathered its color. Suddenly halting near the stream, Long Dick sang out, "Here's Yaller Creek, an' theer's th' mound. An' it's not me that wishes yer good luck. Why canna yer let 'em lie in peace?"

The sentiments of our guide were at that moment, however, of small interest, and all eyes were fixed upon the mound. There it stood, in the middle of the glade, a large, grassy mound, almost circular in shape, fifteen feet in diameter at the base, eight or nine high, and sloping gracefully to the crown, whereon grew a solitary maple. Long Dick took charge of the team, and led it away some distance into a shady nook near the creek. We stood in a group, silent, each thinking his own thoughts, looking on the red man's forest grave. The air was sharp with the odor of the pines, the sun was hot, the eye was attracted by the swift, curving darts of innumerable dragon-flies, but there was no sound of bird or beast, and the great silence was broken only by the chirp of the grasshopper, or the passing drone of a wild bee. Surely, blessed at least in his burial was the red man, with a mound of sweet earth for a monument, and the sighing of the great woods for a perpetual requiem. That a dead chief lay there was apt, and easy of belief; but it was difficult to realize that that quiet, lovely glade had once been filled with earth-carrying Indians — dancing, yelling, making strange lamentations, and performing savage and grotesque rites.

The return of Long Dick, the man of sentiment, broke the spell that was upon us; and while he seated himself in the shade, with his back against a tree, and began to smoke, we seized upon spades, picks, and drills, and set to work. We drove a double trench, in the shape of a cross, right through the mound, to the depth of three or four feet. Four hours of steady, solid work, in a scorching sun, made us quite ready for luncheon. We were covered with sweat, dust, and blisters; cartloads of soil had been removed, without revealing the slightest trace of human remains. All we had come across were ten or a dozen well-formed arrow-heads, and a flint hammer, beautifully fashioned. We had finished lunch, and our pipes were nearly through, when Phimister said, "Dick, I guess it's a sell, — ain't it, lad?" "Maybe it is, an' maybe it ain't," answered Dick oracularly. "Ye said ye knew a mound where there were bones to a certainty, by Yellow Creek." "I didn't say as how I would dig 'em up for yer, though," retorted Dick, with grave disdain. "Mon alive, who the deil asked ye to dig them up? An' ye didn't know, why did ye pretend ye did?" To this enquiry the man of bear and wild honey made no reply, but sat for some minutes smoking serenely, with a dreamy, far-away look in those dark eyes of his that seemed to match so oddly with his mummy-like countenance. Presently we rose to our feet to resume work. Just then Long Dick picked up two small stones, and said, "Look here, boss. Watch these stones." With an easy jerk he threw first one and then the other; they both fell upon a section of the mound that was unopened. "Yer saw wheer they fell, boss? Wal, th' first un lies above his head, and th' next lies above his feet. That's all theer is to it, boss." And with a sigh Long Dick turned his face away, and went on smoking.

We looked at each other, but no one laughed or even smiled; we had all heard Long Dick's sigh. We left him alone, and returned to our work. We cut a new trench, and having opened it up several feet in depth, Phimister began to drill. He had sunk about a yard when suddenly he stopped, and a strange look came over his face. His eyes were unusually bright, and I noticed that his hands trembled. "What is it?" I asked. "I've struck it, colonel. Come and feel," he answered, in a low tone that sent a tingle of excitement through me. One after the other we tried the drill. Yes, it was rock unquestionably,

and probably the roofing of the grave. Then we, like Phimister, felt our hands tremble and our hearts throb. Down went the spades into the heavy soil with a will. What a joy it was to dig and dig! The click! click! of the spade, and a sudden jarring of the handle, told us that we had reached the rocks. Carefully now did we remove every ounce of soil, until there lay before us quite bare the top of a rude arch of large, flat stones. We paused, and Phimister called Long Dick to come and see the opening of the tomb. He put his pipe into his coat pocket, and came and stood on a heap of the upturned soil, and looked down upon the arch, and his eyes were pathetically sad, to my thinking. Slowly and with infinite caution we removed stone after stone, until at length the place of the dead lay open and entire before us. The bottom was strewn with yellow sand evidently drawn from the neighboring creek, and the sides were plastered thickly with clay of the same color. Seated side by side, with their legs outstretched and facing east, were the skeletons of a man and a woman. At the man's feet lay the skeleton of a dog. The bones indicated a tall, strong man of about fifty. Across his knees lay the barrel of a gun, from which the stock had rotted. By his right side was the handle of a large knife, made of buffalo-horn, around which was a ferule of silver, black with age, but otherwise uninjured; all that remained of the blade was an oxide perfect in shape and size. The doctor said that the sutures of the cranium of the woman indicated a person about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. About her neck were two strings of yellow beads; and there were evidences of her having been decked with mats and other fabrics of elaborate bead-work. I noticed that along the lines of the skeletons the bright yellow sand was covered with a dark-colored earth. Picking up a handful, I compressed it in my hand, and it adhered in a lump. The odor was so peculiar that I asked the doctor what it was like. "Guess it smells like clotted blood. Don't you know what it is?" "What!" I exclaimed, "you do not mean to say it is —" "Yes, that was once human flesh. Odd, ain't it?" And with a light laugh he turned his attention once more to the skeletons.

He seemed to be making a most careful examination, not only of the remains, but of the surrounding earth, which he gathered in handfuls, and slowly sifted through his fingers. After some time he rose from

his kneeling position, and cried out, "Gentlemen, would you like to know who this red-skin was?" As he spoke he touched the skull of the man. "Yes, yes, who was he?" we all answered. "Well, then, this red-skin was — a *white man*!" We all laughed at this, and began to chaff him, but the doctor only smiled a superior smile, until there was a lull in the storm of banter, then he continued, "I don't object, gentlemen, not a bit. But for all that, I'm right. He was no more a red-skin than I am. That gun across his knees struck me as being mighty strange for an Indian. And I have seen too many Indian skulls not to know that this one here ain't the genuine article. Besides, look here. Would an Indian wear these?" He opened his hand, and there were two large brass buttons, that might have lately ornamented the jacket of an English game-keeper. "Dick," cried the doctor suddenly, "what's the natural color of a red-skin's hair?" "A red-skin's hair is alles long, lank, an' black," answered Dick solemnly. "That is so, gentlemen; black hair always, and lank, not wavy, because it is structurally cylindrical, and not oval, in section. The doctor paused, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for some moments, and at last fished out five hairs. Three were quite black, and measured from two feet to two feet six inches in length; the other two were four or five inches long, and of a light brown color. Oddly enough, while the black hairs were perfectly straight, the brown ones were wavy to a degree. "There, gentlemen, there is the crowning proof. I found these black hairs on the skeleton of the young woman — who was unquestionably an Indian. The wavy brown ones I found behind the man's back. I dare say there are more to be found, if you look. I affirm this is the skeleton of a white man." "But how comes he to be buried with an Indian girl?" inquired Phimister. Then he turned and said abruptly, "You, there, Long Dick, whose bones are these?" "It was an Ogalala burial, and it took place forty-two years ago this next fall. I was rising ten at the time, and I sat up in a tree and seed the whole thing from beginning to end. There were scores of Ogalala braves and squaws on hand, and their chief was called Shun'-Ka Lu-Ta, meaning Red Dog," answered Long Dick. "All right. But whose bones are these?" said Phimister, almost sternly. "She was Red Dog's daughter." "And the man — who was he? Indian or white man?" "He was — a white man," answered Long

Dick slowly, and with evident emotion of some kind or other. "What was his name?" "Richard Trueman." "You knew him?" "He was — wal — boss — he was — *my father!*"

P.S. — Mompesson married Dorothy, came home, and is now the vicar of a small but beautiful parish between Thames and Tweed.

From Temple Bar.

A POET'S FRIEND.

JOSEPH SEVERN.

NEVER could Solomon's saying, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," be more aptly applied than to Joseph Severn! And this involves no reproach on brother or other friend of Keats. Circumstances gave Severn the opportunity denied to Keats's surviving brother and to his earlier friends. When the sudden and alarming increase of illness took place in the summer of 1820, and Keats was "under sentence of death from Dr. Lamb," a winter in Italy was advised as giving the only chance of a recovery of health. Of the poet's brothers, Tom had died the year before, and George had gone to seek his fortune in America. Cowden Clarke and others of his earlier friends were out of reach. Charles Armitage Brown, a most kind and intimate friend, who had accompanied Keats in his tour in Scotland, and had already nursed him through his first serious attack earlier in the year, was absent in Scotland when he received the news that Keats had been ordered to Italy. He immediately hurried home, but arrived a day too late, the vessels conveying the two friends actually passing a night side by side at Gravesend unknown to both.

Joseph Severn, when he offered to accompany Keats to Italy, was twenty-seven years of age, therefore two years older than the poet. He had just attained great honor at the Royal Academy, having gained the gold medal for historical painting by his picture of Spenser's "Cave of Despair." This medal had not been adjudged for twelve years for lack of merit in the pictures offered for competition. When, therefore, it was bestowed on so young and unknown a painter as Severn, great was the astonishment and discomfiture of the rival candidates, and great in proportion must have been the pride and satisfaction of the young painter who had

long worked at his picture in secret. But at the call of friendship Severn was ready to risk all his new and brilliant prospects. The medal he had gained brought with it solid advantages. On condition of the artist sending in certain pictures at certain times, the Royal Academy would pay his expenses for three years' travel on the Continent. His sanguine temperament forbade him to doubt that Keats would recover, and that he would be able to fulfil those conditions. Indeed, after the sad frustration of his hopes, he reproached himself, according to the fashion of a generous mind, with having been selfish and calculating. But it is clear that whatever delusions he had nourished before starting, they must have vanished very shortly after stepping on board the *Maria Crowther*. Keats was in reality already in the last stage of consumption, and in this wretched little vessel, bad accommodation and bad food neutralized the beneficial effect of the sea air; violent storms tried the tempers of captain, crew, and passengers; while contrary winds lengthened a period of misery which was yet added to by a ten days' quarantine. By the time they reached Naples, Keats felt despair creeping over him. "We will go at once to Rome," he writes. "I know my end approaches, and the visible tyranny of this government prevents me from having any peace of mind. I could not lie quietly here, I will not even leave my bones in the midst of this despotism." With relentless determination the terrible disease came on. At Naples Keats could still, at any rate, complain that he was unable to describe the beauties of the glorious bay; his "intellect was in splints," he said in writing home. By the time he reached Rome he was past even that stage — "his shattered nerves," says Lord Houghton, "refused to convey to his intelligence the impressions by which, a few months earlier, he would have been rapt into ecstasy." He wrote home, but it was only to bid a last farewell to the friends he had left behind and loved so dearly — adding the cry of despair, "Oh, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers!" But neither Severn's tender care nor physician's skill could avert the catastrophe! On December the 14th Severn announced to friends at home, "I fear poor Keats is at his worst." And on February 23rd he breathed his last. Between these dates how terrible the sufferings of the dying poet and his devoted friend! Keats was, from the first, a prisoner in his rooms in

the Piazza di Spagna, close to the residence of Dr. Clark, the physician to whose care he had been recommended. "But," as Lord Houghton says, "Rome was at that time far from affording the comforts to the stranger, now so abundant; and the violent Italian superstitions respecting the infection of all dangerous disease rendered the circumstances of an invalid most harassing and painful." Here, as his illness increased, Severn, his only companion and nurse, could never leave him but for a few moments while he slept. "Not a moment," Severn writes, "can I be from him. I sit by his bed and read all day, and at night I humor him in all his wanderings." He prepared his food, lighted the fire, performed all the offices of the sick-room, and with immense labor removed the sufferer from one room to another. "Poor Keats has just fallen asleep; I have watched him and read to him to his very last wink; he has been saying to me: 'Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention—you don't know what you are reading—you are enduring for me more than I would have you. Oh, that my last hour were come!'" Then came the grinding pinch of poverty! The funds, generously supplied by Mr. Taylor the publisher, who had advanced £150 to Keats on account of his poems, began to fail, and the day came when Severn was without means to procure absolute necessities for his dying friend.

If I could leave Keats [he writes] every day for a time, I could soon raise money by painting; but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money—that would kill him at a word. . . . I have had the hardest task in keeping from him my painful situation; I have kept him alive week after week. He has refused all food, and I have prepared his meals six times a day, till he had no excuse left.

During the night of January 28th, to keep himself awake, Severn drew the deeply pathetic portrait, by far the best we have, of his poor friend as he lay asleep—his forehead bathed in the cold dews of death. "Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me they close gently, open quietly and close again till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies." At last to Keats came the longed-for release, and on Severn the blow

fell, which fifty years afterwards he thus refers to: "Although 'tis half a century since the disaster, yet I feel it most severely." On the 23rd of February, 1821, the poet's glorious spirit went to "join the choir invisible," his "bright falcon eyes" were dimmed in death, the "promise of longevity given by his fine compactness of person" was belied, and three days later all that was mortal of John Keats was laid by his devoted friend in the beautiful cemetery at Rome.

Of that now honored grave, Severn wrote in April, 1863:—

It only remains for me to speak of my return to Rome in 1861, after an absence of twenty years, and of the favorable change and enlargement during that time of Keats's fame, not as manifested by new editions of his works, or by the contests of publishers about him, or by the way in which most new works are illustrated with quotations from him, or by the fact that some favorite lines of his have passed into proverbs, but by the touching evidence of *his silent grave*. That grave, which I can remember as once the object of ridicule, has now become the poetic shrine of the world's pilgrims, who care and strive to live in the happy and imaginative religion of poetry. The head-stone, having twice sunk, owing to its faulty foundation, has been twice renewed by loving strangers, and each time, as I am informed, these strangers were Americans. Here they do not strew flowers, as was the wont of olden times, but they pluck everything that is green and living on the grave of the poet. The *Custode* tells me that, notwithstanding all his pains in sowing and planting, he cannot "meet the great consumption." Latterly, an English lady, alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the verdure on and around the grave, actually left an annual sum to renew it. When the *Custode* complained to me of the continued thefts, and asked what he was to do, I replied, "Sow and plant twice as much; extend the poet's domain; for, as it was so scanty during his short life, surely it ought to be afforded to him twofold in his grave."

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided!" And this, not because eight-and-fifty years afterwards the aged painter was laid beside the youthful poet, but because they will ever be named together by posterity; and so long as the English tongue endures to maintain the fame and bewail the untimely loss of Keats, so long will Severn's name be known and loved and joined with his. And we are glad to feel that even in his lifetime Severn enjoyed the well-deserved reward which is not always granted to self-sacrifice and devotion. We find him thus writing—September 1st, 1863,

to Mrs. Speed (daughter of George Keats):—

This is a line to assure you that I am the "one devoted friend until death" of your illustrious relative John Keats, and that it has gratified me highly to be addressed by you in consequence of your reading my essay, "On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame." As I had the happiness to meet his sister here (Madame d'Llanos) after forty-five years, I trust it may also be my happiness to meet some news of his family in Rome, where I am likely to remain all my life, and where I first came in his dear company in November, 1820, and on his account. Although on my part so mad a thing as it seemed at the time, and was pronounced so by most of my friends, yet it was the best and perhaps the only step to insure my artistic career, which no doubt was watched and blessed by his dear spirit, for I remained twenty years without returning to England, and during that time, the patrons I most valued came to me as "the friend of Keats." These have remained faithful to me and mine, no doubt inspired by the revered name Poet. The success of my family (three sons and three daughters) has turned on this. The chief of these patrons I may mention is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (W. E. Gladstone).

The essay alluded to by Severn in this letter as having called forth expressions of gratitude from Keats's niece, appeared in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1863, and is entitled "On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame." It is a highly interesting paper, though somewhat mis-called, and as it is unknown and inaccessible to most readers, some account of it with a few extracts may be acceptable. Writing to Americans, Severn congratulates them on having been more quick to appreciate the genius of Keats than his own countrymen.

It is a singular pleasure [he says] to the few personal friends of Keats in England (who may still have to defend him against the old and worn-out slanders) that in America he has always had a solid fame, independent of the old English prejudices. . . . Here, in Rome, as I write, I look back through forty years of worldly changes, to behold Keats's dear image again in memory. It seems as if he should be living with me now, inasmuch as I never could understand his strange and contradictory death, his falling away so suddenly from health and strength. He had that fine compactness of person which we regard as the promise of longevity, and no mind was ever more exultant in youthful feeling. I cannot summon a sufficient reason why in one short year he should have been thus cut off, "with all his imperfections on his head." Was it that he lived too soon, that the world he sought was not ready for him?

Severn then proceeds to describe the happy engagement which had promised so fair, and which Keats found harder to relinquish than life itself:—

In Italy he [Keats] always shrank from speaking in direct terms of the actual things that were killing him. Certainly the *Blackwood* attack was one of the least of his miseries, for he never even mentioned it to me. The greater trouble which was engulfing him he signified in a hundred ways. . . . He kept continually in his hand a polished oval white carnelian, the gift of his widowing love, and at times it seemed his only consolation, the only thing left him in this world clearly tangible. Many letters which he was unable to read came for him. Some he allowed me to read to him; others were too worldly, for, as he said, he had "already journeyed far beyond them." There were two letters, I remember, for which he had no words, but he made me understand that I was to place them on his heart within his winding-sheet.

Those bright falcon eyes, which I had known only in joyous intercourse, while revelling in books and nature, or while he was reciting his own poetry, now beamed an unearthly brightness and a penetrating steadfastness that could not be looked at. It was not the fear of death—on the contrary, he earnestly wished to die—but it was the fear of lingering on and on, that now distressed him; and this was wholly on my account. Amidst the world of emotions that were crowding and increasing as his end approached, I could always see that his generous concern for me in my isolated position at Rome was one of his greatest cares. . . . From day to day, after this time, he would always demand of Sir James Clark, "How long is this posthumous life of mine to last?" On finding me inflexible in my purpose of remaining with him, he became calm, and tranquilly said that he was sure why I held up so patiently was owing to my Christian faith, and that he was disgusted with himself for ever appearing before me in such savage guise; that he now felt convinced how much every human being required the support of religion, that he might die decently. "Here am I," said he, "with desperation in death that would disgrace the commonest fellow. Now, my dear Severn, I am sure, if you could get some of the works of Jeremy Taylor to read to me, I might become really a Christian, and leave this world in peace." Most fortunately I was able to procure the "Holy Living and Dying." I read some passages to him, and prayed with him, and I could tell by the grasp of his dear hand that his mind was reviving. He was a great lover of Jeremy Taylor, and it did not seem to require much effort in him to embrace the Holy Spirit in those comforting works.

Thus he gained strength of mind from day to day just in proportion as his poor body grew weaker and weaker. At last I had the consolation of finding him calm, trusting, and

more prepared for his end than I was. He tranquilly rehearsed to me what would be the process of his dying, what I was to do, and how I was to *bear it*. He was even minute in his details, evidently rejoicing that his death was at hand. In all he then uttered he breathed a simple Christian spirit; indeed, I always think that he died a Christian, that "*mercy*" was trembling on his dying lips, and that his tortured soul was received by those Blessed Hands which could alone welcome it.

Severn then tells of the great kindness and encouragement he received in Rome,

in the midst of persons who admired and encouraged my beautiful pursuit of painting, in which I was then but a very poor student, but with my eyes opening and my soul awakening to a new region of art, and beginning to feel the wings growing for artistic flights I had always been dreaming about. In all this, however, there was a solitary drawback — there were few Englishmen at Rome who knew Keats's works, and I could scarcely persuade any one to make the effort to read them, such was the prejudice against him as a poet.

Severn then proceeds to relate some anecdote too unpleasantly characteristic of the aged poet Samuel Rogers, who was staying in Rome the first Easter after Keats's death. Dining one day with Sir George Beaumont, Rogers was asked by his host if he had been acquainted with Keats in England.

Mr. Rogers replied, that he had had more acquaintance than, he liked, for the poems were tedious enough, and the author had come upon him several times for money. This was an intolerable falsehood, and I (Severn) could not restrain myself until I had corrected him, which I did with my utmost forbearance, explaining that Mr. Rogers must have mistaken some other person for Keats; that I was positive my friend had never done such a thing in any shape, or even had occasion to do it; that he possessed a small independence in money, and a *large one in mind*. The old poet received the correction with much kindness, and thanked me for so effectually setting him right. Indeed this encounter was the groundwork of a long, and to me advantageous, friendship between us. I soon discovered that it was the principle of his sarcastic wit, not only to sacrifice all truth to it, but even all his friends, and that he did not care to know any who would not allow themselves to be abused for the purpose of lighting up his breakfast with sparkling wit, though not quite, indeed, at the expense of the persons then present.

The last and most remarkable instance given by Severn of the universal change in the estimate formed of Keats and his poetry, as witnessed by him during his long life, is that of Sir Walter Scott during

the painful visit which he paid to Rome just before his death in 1832.

I had been [says Severn] indirectly made known to him (Sir Walter Scott) by his favorite ward and *protégée* the late Lady Northampton (Miss Clephane), who, accustomed to write to him monthly, often made mention of me: for I was on terms of friendship with all her family, an intimacy which in great part arose from the delight she always had in Keats's poetry, being herself a poetess, and a most enlightened and liberal critic.

When Sir Walter arrived, he received me like an old and attached friend; indeed he involuntarily tried to make me fill up the terrible void then recently created by the death of Lady Northampton at the age of thirty-seven years. I went at his request to breakfast with him every morning, when he invariably commenced talking of his lost friend, of her beauty, her singularly varied accomplishments, of his growing delight in watching her from a child in the island of Mull . . . that in his great misfortunes, in all their complications, he had looked forward to Rome and his dear Lady Northampton as his last and certain hope of repose! She was to be his comfort in the winding-up of life's pilgrimage; now, on his arrival, his life and fortune almost exhausted, she was gone! *gone!* After these pathetic outpourings he would gradually recover his old cheerfulness, his expressive grey eyes would sparkle even in tears, and soon that wonderful power he had for description would show itself, when he would often stand up to enact the incident of which he spoke, so ardent was he, and so earnest in the recital.

Each morning, at his request, I took for his examination some little picture or sketch that might interest him, and among the rest a picture of Keats (now in the National Portrait Gallery of London); but this I was surprised to find was the only production of mine that seemed not to interest him — he remained silent about it, but on all the others he was ready with interesting comments and speculations. Observing this, and wondering within myself at his apathy with regard to the young lost poet, as I had reason to be proud of Keats's growing fame, I ventured to talk about him, and of the extraordinary caprices of that fame, which at last had found a resting-place in the hearts of *all real lovers of poetry*.

I soon perceived that I was touching on an embarrassing theme, and I became quite bewildered on seeing Miss Scott turn away her face, already crimsoned with emotion. Sir Walter then falteringly remarked, "Yes, yes, the world finds out these things for *itself at last*," and taking my hand closed the interview — our last, for the following night he was taken seriously ill, and I never saw him again, as his physician immediately hurried him away from Rome. The incomprehensibility of this scene induced me to mention it on the same day to Mr. Woodhouse, the active and discriminating friend of Keats, who had col-

lected every written record of the poet, and to whom we owe the preservation of many of the finest of his productions. He was astonished at my recital, and at my being ignorant of the fact that Sir Walter Scott was a prominent contributor to the review which, through its false and malicious criticisms, had always been considered to have caused the death of Keats. My surprise was as great as his at my having lived all those seventeen years in Rome, and been so removed from the great world, that this, a fact so interesting to me to know, had never reached me.

Severn concludes his essay with an account of a picture he was then (1863) engaged in painting of the poet's grave:

The classic story of Endymion being the subject of Keats's principal poem, I have introduced a young Roman shepherd sleeping against the head-stone, with his flock about him, whilst the moon from behind the pyramid illuminates his figure, and serves to realize the poet's favorite theme in the presence of his grave. This interesting incident is not fanciful, but is what I actually saw on an autumn evening at Monte Tertanio the year following the poet's death.

Mr. Walter Severn, a son of Keats's friend, has made a beautiful drawing for the *Century* of the graves of Keats and Severn, side by side beneath the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and it is there mentioned that the stone erected to the memory of Severn, and which exactly resembles that to Keats with the alteration only of a palette on the marble instead of a lyre, was erected by "several American poets, from among whom two — Longfellow and Holland — have since followed into the 'silent land.'"

From Murray's Magazine.

AN INTERNATIONAL CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

AMONG the countless projects, more or less modest and reasonable, for the amelioration and advancement of things in general, to which the modern reader's attention is somewhat distractingly invited, hardly any scheme perhaps could sound to most men's ears at once more pompous and more futile than the notion of an international census, or widely reaching collection, of cases where sane adults have experienced hallucinatory sights and sounds. To invite civilized mankind to record, not what they have really seen, but what they fancied they saw; not what they really heard, but what they fancied they heard; not the facts of nature, but the

figments of their own brains; this certainly looks like a chase of shadows which a sensible man may fairly let alone.

Yet this is the invitation issued by a group of men who at least are not idlers or dreamers; the International Congress of Experimental Psychology lately held in Paris under the headship of Professors Charcot, Ribot, Richet, etc.; and attended by some scores of those physicians and others who, in the various countries of Europe and America, interest themselves in that wide range of inquiries — from heredity to hypnotism — by which we are now learning to analyze with a new exactness the intimate constitution of man.

A few words of explanation will help to show that there is nothing paradoxical in the importance now attached to hallucinations, and that the lessons to be learnt from them, already of great value, are likely to be rapidly extended by further knowledge such as the census seeks.

Writing for a popular audience I will avoid as far as possible the use of technical terms, and must refer those who wish to see the subject more philosophically treated to Mr. Gurney's essay on hallucinations, contained in "Phantasms of the Living," vol. i., p. 456 (Trübner).

In the first place, we must distinguish between *hallucinations* and *illusions*. By an *illusion* is meant the misinterpretation of some real sensory object, as when Sir Walter Scott took a hat-stand with cloaks upon it for Lord Byron, or the late Mr. Proctor took a surplice hanging on his bedroom door for a ghost with outstretched arms. Such misinterpretations are very apt to spread by suggestion from one observer to another, as a crowd of peasants have sometimes taken an odd cloud in the sky for a fiery cross or a fiery hand. In fact we almost always observe objects in a summary manner; we look at them just enough to recognize them, that is, to fill up our observation with memories of what we have observed before. Illusions, naturally, are extremely common, and vary in degree from the very slightest mistake or misreading of the objects on which we look to a degree of mis-sight or error which involves a good deal of actual seeing of what is not there to be seen, or hallucination, properly so called.

Of hallucination the best definition is, I think, Mr. Gurney's: "A sensory hallucination is a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests."

An example will make these distinctions

clear. Suppose that I have a friend Smith whom I expect to see. I see some other man in the twilight and take him for Smith. This is a mere *mistake*; but it probably involves something of *illusion*; that is to say, that my mental interpretation of the vague figure actually seen contains certain elements drawn from my recollection of Smith. I go into the house and see Smith, as I fancy, sitting in a chair by the fire. On going closer I find that what I saw was only a coat thrown over the back of the chair. This is a full-blown illusion, and it possibly contains something of hallucination also. Part of the form of Smith, perhaps, was actually invented, was actually externalized, by my mind, — was not merely the result of unconscious *selection* amongst the confused lines of the coat and chair. I then sit down and think of Smith. If I have good visualizing memory I can fancy Smith sitting in the chair — can draw a sketch of him as he would look in the chair, correcting my drawing from time to time by reference to the picture of him in my "mind's eye." But this is *not* a hallucination. I am not deceived by my self-summoned picture. It is called into being by the conscious part of my mind, and I know perfectly well that it is only my imagination.

And now suppose that I suddenly see Smith walk into the room — as I think. I start up to greet him, but the figure passes on and walks out through the wall. This is a *hallucination*; it is a percept, or thing seen (I am here for simplicity's sake taking *sight* as the representative sense), which lacks the objective basis which it suggests; that is to say, which does not really tell me truly that Smith is there in the room, and would be seen by other persons as well as myself. And note at the same time that it has required a distinct — though of course a momentary — act of reflection on my part to assure me that this figure was not actually Smith. This act of reflection was not needed when I had merely summoned up a mind's-eye picture of Smith. That was not a hallucination, it was a figure which my conscious self summoned up, and I knew (in a certain sense) why it came and how it got there. But the unexpected figure of Smith coming in at the door was summoned up by some unconscious part of myself; it took me by surprise, it was a hallucination.

Once more. Suppose that I go to sleep and *dream* that I see Smith. Is this a hallucination? The answer must be: Yes,

dreams are hallucinations. It is a figure evoked not by conscious effort, but from some unconscious region of my mind. And an act of reflection is needed to enable me to be sure that it is not a reality. The act of reflection in this case is of course so habitual and easy that it generally passes unnoticed; but a dream may easily slide into a waking hallucination. I may dream of Smith, and after waking I may still seem for a few moments to see him standing beside me. In such a case the dream actually manifests itself as a sensory hallucination; there is the dream-image; and for a few moments it deceives even the waking senses.

Well, then, hallucinations are images — sensations of sight, sound, taste, smell, touch — which are not due to any object in the world about us, and are not set going by our conscious mind, but by some working of the brain of which we, our recognized habitual selves, are not aware. And, having got thus far with our definition, we see at once both why hallucinations have in times past been neglected even by philosophers, or treated as mere meaningless disturbances of our rational being; and also why, with the gradual rise of a more searching psychology, they come to have a profound interest of their own.

The reason is that they are messages whose obvious superficial meaning is false or nonsensical; but from which, nevertheless, an indication may be drawn of the nature of processes within us which we cannot get at in any other way.

The value in diagnosis of the indications given by the hallucinations of the *insane* has long been recognized. With the hallucinations of insanity or delirium, however, we have here nothing to do; our present inquiry is restricted to sane persons, most of them, as we shall soon see, in perfectly normal health. Now until lately it was hardly thought possible for a sane and healthy person to undergo a hallucination. Hallucinations were vaguely confounded with *nightmares*; and if any one said that he had "seen a ghost," the recognized joke was to bid him "cure it with a pill" and avoid late suppers. Now late suppers will certainly produce nightmares, — vague, dreamy oppressions of circulation or breathing, etc.; but, oddly enough, we cannot find among several hundreds of recent first-hand cases, which we have collected and studied, a single one where over-eating seems to have been the exciting cause of any definite hallucinatory figure or voice. *Starvation*, indeed, does produce hallucinations; so that

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if my reader should "see a ghost," and wish to ascribe it to his own interior condition, he may at least console himself by supposing that he has eaten too little instead of too much.

But the fact is that until a few years ago hardly anything was known as to these casual hallucinations of the sane. The same scanty anecdotes were repeated over and over again; and it hardly occurred to any one that the *content* of the hallucinatory pictures might be a valuable key to mental processes impossible to reach by other means. Two independent researches were then made which have given quite a new aspect to the study. In the first place the French hypnotists (Liébeault, Richet, Bernheim, etc.) showed again, as the older mesmerists had shown long ago, that it was possible to create in certain healthy subjects vivid and prolonged hallucinations by *suggestion* in the hypnotic state, — such suggestion taking effect either immediately, or at any subsequent date which the operator may choose to assign. That is, the hypnotizer can either say to his subject, "See, there is B. Go and shake hands with him;" or he can say, "At noon next Tuesday, B. will enter your room, and you will shake hands with him," and in each case the subject will see B. at the time and in the attitude thus previously fixed for him. In this way hallucinations can be manufactured in any quantity; and we can analyze the elements of which they are composed, noting how much of the detail is due to the hypnotizer's suggestion, and how much to the subject's own mind.

An important step had thus been made in the study of the mechanism of *experimental* hallucination. There still remained the need of some wider knowledge as to what hallucinations *spontaneously* occur. It is to the late Mr. Edmund Gurney that we owe the first systematic attempt to supply this information on a large scale. He set on foot the first census of hallucination in 1885, and succeeded, after much trouble, in getting five thousand seven hundred and five persons, selected at random, to answer questions somewhat resembling those which I shall presently describe. With the resulting information to go upon, the study of the hallucinations of the sane has left the anecdotal and entered on the scientific stage. A multitude of psychological questions are opened up; nor can any discussion on the nature of memory, the association of ideas, the scheme of images by which thought is carried on, the relation

between the conscious and the unconscious mind, etc., be henceforth conducted without reference to what the study of hallucination has taught us.

Still more recently, a further discovery, or rather *re-discovery* of an ancient phenomenon, has shown still further possibilities of instruction. In a paper on "Some recent Experiments in Crystal-gazing," in Part XIV. of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" (Trübner), we find the rational interpretation of many a discredited story from the Dark Ages or the East. Crystal-gazing, in fact, is simply an empirical method of inducing artificial hallucination. If a person gifted with the right kind of visual memory — or whatever the faculty be — looks intently into some clear object, undisturbed by reflections, he will gradually see scenes or figures shaping themselves therein. These figures are plainly analogous to figures seen in dreams; they seem generally to proceed from some unconscious stratum of the gazer's own mind; they rarely depict anything which he might not conceivably have dreamt. But at any rate there the figures are; they are the hallucinations experimentally produced; the gazer can watch their behavior — sometimes even through a magnifying-glass — and become, as it were, the conscious spectator of the automatic working of his own mind. Little is as yet known as to the conditions which tend to produce these figures; but there seems thus far to be no evidence that they are morbid phenomena, but rather to the contrary, that they come in times of healthy tranquillity, and are put a stop to by illness or fatigue.

These self-induced hallucinations, however, lie outside of our present subject. I mention them here in order to illustrate the growing change in our attitude towards hallucinations. We are ceasing to look on them exclusively as signs of injury or disturbance; we are beginning to regard them as messages transmitted upwards from the unconscious to the conscious self.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there may be a good deal of knowledge to be gained from the study of these singular bye-products of the human mind. Let us see in what way the census attempts to gather it.

Professor William James, Cambridge, Mass., will send to any one willing to aid, a Paper A., affording space for twenty-five answers, yes or no, to the following question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a

vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

This question has been carefully framed so as to exclude, as far as possible, both *dreams* and mere *illusions*, or misinterpretations of real sights and sounds; and to include all hallucinations, except those of taste or smell, which are rare and difficult to distinguish from mere illusions. It will be observed, moreover, that reports of sounds other than voices are not asked for; the reason being that it is difficult to be sure that such sounds have not some physical, but undetected cause. The first point which we wish to make out is *what percentage* of sane adults have had any kind of hallucination. It is therefore just as important to collect negative answers as affirmative. The question should be put indifferently to any acquaintance of the collector's; he should not single out those whom he knows to have had some hallucination. Such persons should indeed be asked for their experiences, but a mark should be put to their names in the census-paper to indicate that the collector knew before he asked them that their answer would be yes. With a little care in this and other points, which I need not here explain in detail, it is possible to get a very fair sample of the experience of the community at large. There were good reasons for thinking that even Mr. Gurney's fifty-seven hundred formed a fair sample; and the number of replies which we now hope to collect should be five or ten times larger.

When, however, these answers yes or no have been collected, the greater part of the work still remains to be done. It remains to elicit the real meaning of the affirmative answers; and for this purpose, a Paper B. is submitted to each informant who has answered yes to the question on Paper A.

After asking for an account of the actual experience, Paper B. proceeds to inquire whether the percipient — the person who experienced the hallucination — was in grief or anxiety at the time. Grief and anxiety are popularly supposed to be strongly predisposing causes of hallucination; and no doubt they are so to some extent. But the result of our collections thus far, — both of Mr. Gurney's census and of many other inquiries made in different ways — has been to show that the influence of these moral causes has been

much exaggerated, and that *emotional* hallucinations (so to term them) form a small proportion of the total numbers. And here we approach the most curious point in the whole inquiry; the evidence, namely, that the percipient's hallucination is often due not to his own state, but to the state of some other person. The next question on Paper B. runs as follows: "Was the impression that of some one whom you were in the habit of seeing, and do you know what he or she was doing at the time?" Now in a proportion of cases which, as it stands at present, is far too large for chance to explain, the answer to this question would have to be, "the person whose figure I saw was *dying* at the time, although I was in no way aware of it."

It might have been expected that relatives watching by a deathbed, or anxiously awaiting the news of a death, might experience some imaginary sound or sight. But no ordinary explanation will meet the unquestionable fact that many trustworthy men and women have experienced the sole hallucination of their lives in the shape of the figure of a friend, at the moment when that friend, about whom they felt no anxiety whatever, was actually dying in some distant place. This, as some of my readers may know, is the main thesis which the testimony collected in "Phantasms of the Living" tends to prove; and during the three years which have passed since the publication of that work the evidence for that thesis, in this and other countries, has become materially stronger. The force of evidence of this kind is *cumulative*; and inasmuch as the detailed cases are tedious reading, and the whole conception of *telepathy*, or influence exercised at a distance by one mind upon another, is strange and repugnant to many minds, it will be necessary to go on patiently gathering fresh evidence for a long time before we can expect its weight to be generally admitted. But I beg of the reader to observe that in advocating and carrying out this present census we are offering to those who differ from us the only possible method of conclusively *disproving* our own view. Suppose that fifty thousand answers, or more, are collected from England, France, America, etc., and that among those answers we find few or no *veridical* or truth-telling hallucinations — sights or sounds which in some way coincide with some actual event, like a death, occurring at a distance, but a great multitude of *falsehood*-telling images; figures of friends whom the percipient supposes

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to be dying, but who are really in their ordinary state, and the like — then it may become plain that we must explain away as the effect of chance even the close and detailed coincidences of which "Phantasms of the Living" affords many specimens. If the inquiry is pushed far enough, it must either refute or confirm our theory in a decisive manner. Other points of interest there will be on which the census will probably suggest as many problems as it solves. But on this point of *coincidence*, if only the inquiry goes far enough, the mere doctrine of chances must afford a conclusive reply.

Those of us who believe in these truth-telling or veridical hallucinations have at least, therefore, done all that we could to put our view to the test. We formed that view on the strength of evidence collected in a less systematic mode than the census offers, but greatly exceeding in amount all previously existing first-hand evidence as to the hallucinations of the sane. We tested this evidence as well as we could; travelling many hundred miles in order to obtain personal knowledge of our informants. We then published the evidence in full detail, endeavoring to bring out its weak as well as its strong points. Mr. Gurney then laboriously carried out his census, in order to ascertain whether there was such a multitude of merely delusive hallucinations in the world that the coincidences which we had discovered could be explicable by chance. The figures resulting from his census told strongly — I might say conclusively — against the explanation by chance. But it was still his wish — which is now being carried out — so largely to extend this basis of inquiry, that the result, on one side or the other, might come out with the clearness of a mathematical operation.

The public may, I think, be confident that the census will be fairly conducted. The name of Professor Sidgwick, whom the Congress has set over the task in England, does not need my comments. M. Marillier, who is managing the census in France, is necessarily less known to my readers; so I may say without offence that he was selected simply for his scientific competence, and that he is at present unconvinced of the existence of any veridical hallucinations at all, and inclined to press the explanations of *chance* and *defective testimony* to the utmost.

Whatever the truth may ultimately prove to be, surely the patient dispassionate collection of actual contemporary facts

is the only course worthy of fair-minded men in an age of science.

The next question on Paper B. brings us to a point of singular significance. "Were there other persons present with you at the time? and, if so, did they in any way share the experience?" Now hitherto hallucinations, strictly speaking, have been supposed as a matter of course to be confined to the one mind which creates them. Of course, *insane delusions*, of persecution and the like, are frequently propagated by suggestion from one insane person to another. But who would think of asking whether a stranger coming into the room while Nicolai was watching his phantasmal figures would have observed any greyish people passing through the apartment? The delusion depending on the state of Nicolai's brain must obviously be confined to the sufferer himself. Well, we have discovered a good many cases in which, contrary to all apparent probability, the same phantasmal figure has been observed, or voice heard — simultaneously, distinctly, and without traceable suggestion — by more than one percipient at the same moment. Look at this fact how you will, it is one of the greatest puzzles which psychology has ever encountered. We cannot wonder that persons who have had such an experience as this should altogether repudiate the idea of a *hallucination* — should assert that what they saw must have been in some sense a *reality*. And in the present state of our knowledge we cannot answer such remonstrances. We cannot bring forward cases where hallucinations which were probably the mere result of morbid states have been communicated without suggestion from one person to another. And, if the word hallucination be objected to, it may be dropped altogether. Its use has been avoided in the census-papers which I am describing, in order to avoid even the appearance of prejudging any question which the inquiry raises.

As an illustration of the kind of difficulty which meets us here, I will give a brief sketch of a case, not of an emotional or exciting kind, communicated to us independently by the two percipients, who have never talked of the matter and scarcely met since the month of the incident, and whose accounts coincide with remarkable closeness, considering that one account was written down nineteen years, and the other twenty-three years, after the incident. It is worth noting, by the way, that it is impossible to generalize as to

the degree of correctness of memory after the lapse of a given number of years. Sometimes details are utterly distorted after a few years' interval; sometimes, as here, independent accounts will reproduce the incident many years afterwards with no more discrepancy than there might have been were the story a week old. We printed this case in "Phantasms of the Living" (vol. ii., p. 348), on the strength of Mrs. Elgee's sole testimony, being then unable to trace her fellow-percipient, now Mrs. Ramsay, but whose married name Mrs. Elgee did not know. By a fortunate accident we lit on Mrs. Ramsay, who kindly consented to write out *her* account before reading Mrs. Elgee's; and we had then the satisfaction of perceiving that our confidence in Mrs. Elgee's accuracy of recollection had been fully justified. These two ladies, who were travelling to India together, but not otherwise intimate, were sleeping in the same room at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Cairo, in November, 1864. Both of them, without any communication, saw by the early morning light a figure in the room. It is absolutely impossible that the figure can have been a real person; and it was in fact recognized by Mrs. Elgee as the phantasmal likeness of [general, then] Major Elgee's intimate friend, Colonel L. (since dead), who was at that time in England, and who, as Mrs. Elgee learnt from himself subsequently, was at that moment — unless some error has crept into the dates — earnestly desiring to consult her as to an offered appointment. Well, if Mrs. Elgee alone had seen the figure, the hallucination (though unique in her life) might have been deemed a purely subjective phenomenon, and the coincidence with Colonel L.'s earnest thought of her might have been ascribed to chance. But the curious thing is that Miss Dennys (now Mrs. Ramsay) — who had never seen Colonel L., and knew nothing about him — actually saw the figure *first*. Mosquitoes had kept her broad awake; she saw the figure-form itself in the room and advance to Mrs. Elgee, and she saw Mrs. Elgee wake and show perturbation at the sight. Each lady describes the figure's movements and expression in much the same way, but the lady who did not know Colonel L., thinks that the figure had a beard, whereas Colonel L. had only whiskers and moustache. Mrs. Ramsay, like Mrs. Elgee, has never seen any other hallucinatory figure whatever. Now we do not of course expect that every one will implicitly accept the

explanations offered in "Phantasms of the Living" for this or cognate phenomena. Far from it; there must be a much wider attention directed to these problems before any consensus as to their solution can be attained. But the man who thinks that there is here *no* problem to solve — that the collection of further cases of the kind could teach us *nothing* — has surely marked out the limits of human knowledge with his own foot-rule in somewhat too confident a spirit.

The next question on our census-paper is as follows: "Please state whether you have had such an experience more than once, and, if so, give particulars of the different occasions." This question also has brought some interesting replies. In the first place, it is clear that if a percipient (like Mrs. Elgee and Mrs. Ramsay above) has had one single hallucination only in the course of his life, and if that one hallucination has coincided with the death or grave crisis of the person whose phantom is seen, the *evidential* value of the case is greatly strengthened. If the single hallucination of my life represents my friend Smith, and Smith dies at that moment, there is more ground for supporting a real connection between the two events than if I had several hallucinations every week; and it so happens that the majority of the persons who have had a *coincidental* or *veridical* hallucination have had no other hallucination whatever. But there are cases where the same percipient has had several, or many, hallucinations. Sometimes all of these seem to be merely subjective, and to occur only under special conditions of health. Sometimes, on the contrary, the same percipient will have experienced several hallucinations of varying kinds, all of which seem to have coincided with some external event which they in some way notified or represented. And sometimes — and these are not the least instructive cases — the same percipient will have had some truth-telling and some delusive hallucinations, which two classes will sometimes be distinguishable by his own sensations at the time, before the event is known.

I have indicated some of the more important points which the census-papers are intended to bring out. Thus far the collector's work, and the percipient's, will go; the task of weighing and analyzing the evidence is a more complicated one, and cannot be described here. Suffice it to say that our principle has always been to give our material fully to the world; to

afford our readers (as far as we can) the same opportunity with ourselves for independent judgment; and carefully to point out any mistakes into which we may discover ourselves to have fallen.

We will do our best, I say, to present the evidence in such form that others may be able to judge of its value as well as ourselves. But we cannot make bricks without straw. The success of the inquiry depends in reality on the number of persons whom we can persuade to expend a certain amount of time, trouble, and tact, in collecting first-hand evidence from their own acquaintances. Our group of active and capable volunteer collectors is a growing one; and we observe that, as soon as any one has looked deeply enough into the matter to feel its *reality*, his interest is pretty certain to continue and to increase. Considering how many people there are who are anxious for more light on the deepest problems, we may fairly hope that more and more of them will come to see that it is by collecting facts, and not by cherishing aspirations or spinning fancies, that light is ultimately won.

Light, I repeat, on the deepest problems which can occupy mankind. For although I have thought it right to explain that in the view of the majority of the *savants* who have set their sanction on this inquiry the fresh knowledge to be looked for is such as will fall within the domain of accepted science, ordinary psychology, yet I have no wish to conceal my own confident hope that more light will thus be shed, even as (I hold) much light has already been shed, on man's inmost nature, and his prospect of survival after death.

Up till the present time there has been scarcely any serious attempt to collect and weigh the actual *evidence* for our survival, in the same way as we collect and weigh the evidence — often still more sporadic and inferential — for all kinds of phenomena in the past or present history of the earth and man. The inquiry is virtually a new one; and although to those who are wont to scale the infinite with leaps and bounds ours may seem a sadly *terre-à-terre* proceeding, yet the advantage of *terre-à-terre* progress is that at least you feel firm ground beneath your feet.

A pike and a perch — my readers will recognize that this is a fact and not an apologue — were once confined in a tank, each on one side of a glass partition. For some months the pike butted constantly against the transparent barrier, with no

result except bruises on his nose. At last he concluded that the perch could not be caught, and ceased to try for it. The partition was then removed; and the pike could have swallowed the perch at any moment. But he had made up his mind that the thing was impossible, and he let his prey swim under his jaws without even making a snatch at it.

Now let the pike represent mankind, and let the perch stand for knowledge of an unseen world. The sheet of glass will be the supposed impassable demarcation between "material" and "spiritual" — "natural" and "supernatural" things. Perhaps if we make a bold dash we shall find that there is no barrier at all, and that perches innumerable are swimming about in our midst. Let us hope that the meshes of our census may be drawn tightly enough to catch them.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

THE clearest eyes in all the world they read
With sense more keen and spirit of sight
more true
Than burns and thrills in sunrise, when the
dew
Flames, and absorbs the glory round it shed,
As they the light of ages quick and dead,
Closed now, forsake us: yet the shaft that
slew
Can slay not one of all the works we knew,
Nor death discrown that many-laurelled head.

The works of words whose life seems light-
ning wrought,
And moulded of unconquerable thought,
And quickened with imperishable flame,
Stand fast and shine and smile, assured that
nought
May fade of all their myriad-moulded fame,
Nor England's memory clasp not Brown-
ing's name.

December 13th, 1889.

II.

Death, what hast thou to do with one for
whom
Time is not lord, but servant? What least
part
Of all the fire that fed his living heart,
Of all the light more keen than sundawn's
bloom
That lit and led his spirit, strong as doom
And bright as hope, can aught thy breath
may dart

Quench? Nay, thou knowest he knew thee
 what thou art,
 A shadow born of terror's barren womb,
 That brings not forth save shadows. What
 art thou,
 To dream, albeit thou breathe upon his brow,
 That power on him is given thee, — that thy
 breath
 Can make him less than love acclaims him
 now,
 And hears all time sound back the word it
 saith?
 What part hast thou then in his glory,
 Death?

III.

A graceless doom it seems that bids us grieve;
 Venice and winter, hand in deadly hand,
 Have slain the lover of her lovely strand
 And singer of a storm-bright Christmas eve.
 A graceless guerdon we that loved receive
 For all our love, from that the dearest land
 Love worshipped ever. Blithe and soft and
 bland,
 Too fair for storm to scathe or fire to cleave,
 Shone on our dreams and memories evermore
 The domes, the towers, the mountains and
 the shore
 That gird or guard thee, Venice: cold and
 black
 Seems now the face we loved as he of yore.
 We have given thee love — no stint, no
 stay, no lack:
 What gift, what gift is this thou hast given
 us back?

IV.

But he — to him, who knows what gift is thine,
 Death? Hardly may we think or hope,
 when we
 Pass likewise thither where to-night is he,
 Beyond the irremediable outer seas that shine
 And darken round such dreams as half divine
 Some sunlit harbor in that starless sea
 Where gleams no ship to windward or to
 lee,
 To read with him the secret of thy shrine.
 There too, as here, may song, delight, and
 love,
 The nightingale, the sea-bird, and the dove,
 Fulfil with joy the splendor of the sky
 Till all beneath wax bright as all above:
 But none of all that search the heavens, and
 try
 The sun, may match the sovereign eagle's
 eye.

December 14th.

V.

Among the wondrous ways of men and time
 He went as one that ever found and sought

And bore in hand the lamplike spirit of
 thought
 To illumine with instance of its fire sublime
 The dusk of many a cloudlike age and clime.
 No spirit in shape of light and darkness
 wrought,
 No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture,
 nought
 That blooms in wisdom, nought that burns in
 crime,
 No virtue girt and armed and helmed with
 light,
 No love more lovely than the snows are white,
 No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's
 tomb,
 No song-bird singing from some live soul's
 height,
 But he might hear, interpret, or illumine
 With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

VI.

What secret thing of splendor or of shade
 Surmised in all those wandering ways
 wherein
 Man, led of love and life and death and sin,
 Strays, climbs, or cowers, allured, absorbed,
 afraid,
 Might not the strong and sunlike sense invade
 Of that full soul that had for aim to win
 Light, silent over time's dark toil and din,
 Life, at whose touch death fades as dead
 things fade?
 O spirit of man, what mystery moves in thee
 That he might know not of in spirit, and see
 The heart within the heart that seems to
 strive,
 The life within the life that seems to be,
 And hear, through all thy storms that whirl
 and drive,
 The living sound of all men's souls alive?

VII.

He held no dream worth waking: so he said,
 He who stands now on death's triumphal
 steep,
 Awakened out of life wherein we sleep
 And dream of what he knows and sees, being
 dead.
 But never death for him was dark or dread:
 "Look forth" he bade the soul, and fear
 not. Weep,
 All ye that trust not in his truth, and keep
 Vain memory's vision of a vanished head
 As all that lives of all that once was he
 Save that which lightens from his word: but
 we,
 Who, seeing the sunset-colored waters roll,
 Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,
 Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit is
 whole,
 And life and death but shadows of the soul.

December 15th.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

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